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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 324.—Vol. XXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 16, 1910 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS MARGARETTA DREXEL

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel, whose engagement to Viscount Maidstone, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Winchilsea, is announced. Miss Drexel is one of the most beautiful girls in Society, and is extremely popular

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RACING NOTIONS. BY CARBINE.

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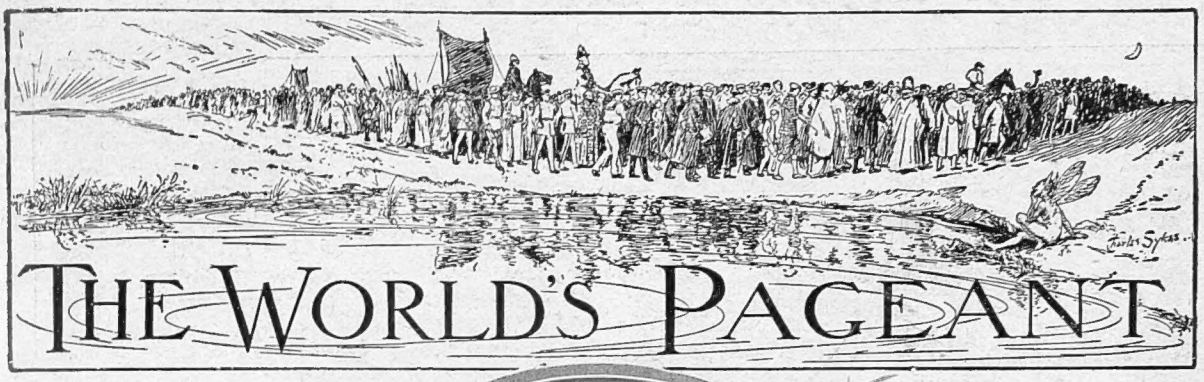


THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Opening of Parliament

IT is not all joy for the chief performers, the pageant of the opening of Parliament which takes place on Monday. It is, in fact, for everyone concerned, a fatiguing ceremony. The imposing State coach, in which the King and Queen proceed from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, has a way of swaying which is not particularly conducive to comfort. Their Majesties must bow incessantly from the moment they leave the Palace to the moment they return, and there is the robing and disrobing, which, performed by practised hands with all despatch though it may be, is extremely boring. Then there is the long, slow procession down the Gallery, cynosure of a thousand curious eyes, the reading of the Speech in a voice sufficiently loud to penetrate the whole length of the huge Gilded Chamber, the return procession, and the slow drive back to the Palace. It is on these occasions, nevertheless, that Queen Alexandra looks her best. The long, priceless lace veil that hangs from the beautiful little diamond crown specially bequeathed her by Queen Victoria, the splendid ermine mantle and long pearl chains, all enhance that inherent queenliness that Her Majesty knows so well how to adopt. The King, in the State coach, wears his blue and gold Field-Marshal's cloak over his uniform, donning the robes and ermine and velvet mantle of State only when he gets to Westminster.

Princess Henry of Prussia

Who accompanies her husband on a visit to the King this week. She is a sister of Princess Louis of Battenberg

GERMAN IMPERIAL VISITORS WHO ARRIVE TO-DAY

Prince Henry of Prussia

The Kaiser's brother, who arrives to-day, with his wife, on a long visit to England. H.I.H. holds positions as Admiral in both the British and German Navies

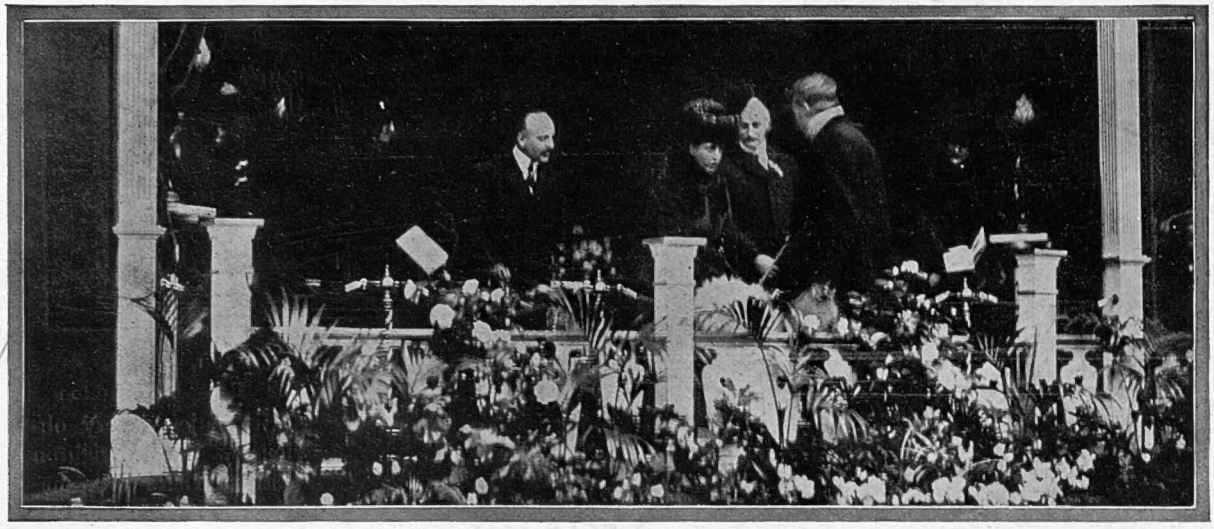
The King and Brighton

His Majesty, very obviously, likes Brighton vastly. There is something in the place, evidently, that makes unfailing appeal to Royal minds, for did not a king make it, a Regent's well-beloved hold lengthy Court there? And also, more and more as the years roll by, King Edward likes old friends, old places, and old days renewed. With the Sassoons His Majesty is absolutely at home. They know by heart his wishes and his favourite dishes. No orders have to be given, and there are no formalities. And, generally speaking, the mantle of Kingship may be left hanging in the wardrobe.

Royal Visitors

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, who arrive in England to-day on a long visit, will be the guests of the King for a few days and of Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg for some weeks. The two Princesses are, of course, sisters, the daughters of King Edward's sister, Princess Alice, and both have inherited their full share of that gentle and appealing charm of manner which distinguished this daughter of Queen Victoria. The marriage of Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia was, it may be remembered, bitterly opposed by Bismarck, whose hatred of the House of Hesse was always acute. Prince Henry is not in the least like his brother, the Kaiser. He is not fond of sport, and is the one of the few Germans who speaks English with anything like an English accent.

Her Majesty at Cruft's Dog Show



The Queen at Cruft's Dog Show: Winners Parading Before Her Majesty

Among the winners were the Queen's prize Basset hounds. Her Majesty's affection for dogs is such that she thoroughly enjoyed her visit to the show

Waking-Up At Last

I really believe that social matters are beginning to wake up a little. There are distinct signs of life in London drawing-rooms. I don't quite know how to account for it. Perhaps the young people have arisen and demanded dances from their elders. At any rate, two are announced. One is to be given by Mrs. Meyer Sassoon on Monday next at 6, Hamilton Place, Park Lane, and on March 3 Lady Albemarle announces her intention of holding revels. No doubt these excellent moves will be followed by other hostesses.

Where Will the Lib-Labs Go?

We are to have two big political receptions on Saturday night, and as if they were not sufficient excitement for the *beau monde* and the Lib-Labs there is the first performance of *Elektra* at the Opera. Someone must suffer. Will it be Lady Lansdowne—(I hope not)—Mrs. Ivor Guest, or Madame Elektra? It is impossible to attend all three functions in one evening. Madame Elektra's "At Home" commences early, and is sure to wind up late. Then you must remember we shall all be somewhat shattered as to our nerves after this entertainment if we wait to the close. How can Lansdowne House and Wimborne House be crowded in before the witching hour of midnight which heralds the Sabbath? Somehow or other, I fancy Lady Lansdowne will score, and as I don't believe the Lib-Labs care for music — especially by Richard Strauss — Mrs. Ivor Guest will have nothing to complain of in the lack of guests. Moreover, she is very charming and very popular. So I am bound to confess that Madame Elektra's party will be the one to suffer. Never mind; we must all attend her second small evening party later on.

Judging Great Danes and Retrievers at the Agricultural Hall

The dogs got very tired of the business before the closing of the show. It was interesting to watch the terriers bury a portion of their supper in the straw just as if they were going to stay for weeks

Among the Bow-wows

Have you ever been to a dog show—a really important one I mean? I went to Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall last week, and am still suffering from barks in the head—if you know the complaint. Good heavens! I wonder how the lady exhibitors can stand it! There they sit all day long by the side of their canine pets looking like martyrs, and only perk up a little and take notice when a passer-by makes a comment. Then, too,

The Belgians' New Queen En Famille

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF THE BELGIANS WITH HER THREE CHILDREN

This is the first portrait of Her Majesty taken since her accession. With her are Prince Leopold, Prince Charles, and Princess Marie

Additions to Noble Families

Photo] **Mrs. Nicholas Lechmere** [*Dover St. Studios*
Who has undergone a serious operation in a Brighton nursing-home, but is now progressing favourably

the envy, hatred, and malice that one comes across at a dog show. Good, kind Christian women at such shows become quite changed, and a horrible green light glistens around them, perhaps only because Poo Poo the Second has been beaten by Foo Foo the Third. Do not imagine that there are any dogs really bearing these names, but they are strangely like the names of some Pekingese that I came across. Mind you, the owners of Rover, the retriever, and Nastikoff, the Russian boarhound, are equally angry if they are defeated in their respective classes. I would not have you think for one moment that it is only the ladies who get angry. But let me turn to more peaceful matters—

Ireland, for Instance!

The green isle of Erin is in the limelight. *Punch*, the pictorial politician, paints Redmond buoyant, a king at last. "They won't let me reign in Dublin, but I will here, by Jove!" and Rumour, soon to be vindicated, or otherwise, sends Mr. Churchill to sit in the chair that Mr. Birrell so poorly filled. "If only," as an ardent Unionist has just remarked, "the King, before too late, would come to Ireland! We should all go mad about him, and forget, perhaps, Home Rule!" It is thought, of course, that there might be personal risk. The Queen, it is said, is indisposed to revisit the island, but for years before the late Queen went to Ireland they told her, too, "It is not safe." Yet when she did go, an English

Photo *Alice Hughes*
Lady Charles Fitzmaurice
Daughter of the Earl of Minto, and Lord Lansdowne's daughter-in-law, who gave birth to a daughter last week

Photo *Bassano*
The Viscountess Helmsley
Daughter of the Earl of Warwick, who gave birth, last week, to a son

personnel around her, an English staff, English soldiery to guard her, that fine tact which distinguished her saved the situation. She set them all aside. "I will have my Irish constabulary," she said, and the pronoun "my" "fetched" them.

At Biarritz

But people are never satisfied in this world. If there is one place more than another which has reason, one would think, to be grateful for British Royal patronage, that place should be Biarritz.

Stars of the Coming English Opera Season

MISS RUTH VINCENT
The musical-comedy actress, who will make her first appearance in grand opera. She is playing in *Hänsel and Gretel* and *The Village Romeo and Juliet*

MISS EDYTH WALKER
Of Bayreuth, Vienna, and Hamburg. Formerly she sang contralto parts in New York. She is considered an ideal Elektra

MISS EDITH EVANS
A Welsh soprano, who appeared during the last English opera season. She will sing Rebecca in *Ivanhoe* and also Avice in *The Wreckers*

MISS PERCIVAL ALLEN
An English soprano, who will create the part of Lia in Debussy's *L'Enfant Prodigue*, and sing other important rôles

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Last Week's Legal Sensations

And so, of course, it is, yet year by year just one small rift disturbs its well-tuned lute. "We wish the English Queen would come," said one of its chief men to me last spring, and the wish, I hear, is openly expressed in the town again this year. There is but little likelihood, however, that this desire of theirs will be fulfilled, as Biarritz makes no special appeal to Her Majesty.

Miss Lucy Cohen

Daughter of Mr. Arthur Cohen, K.C., a cousin and intimate friend of the late Misses Cohens. She gave evidence last week in the remarkable case wherein the Misses Cohens' executors, including Lord Rosebery and Lord Rothschild, sued a former butler of the Cohens for a sum of £60,000, which he had received in gifts from his employers

Kitchener as Viceroy?

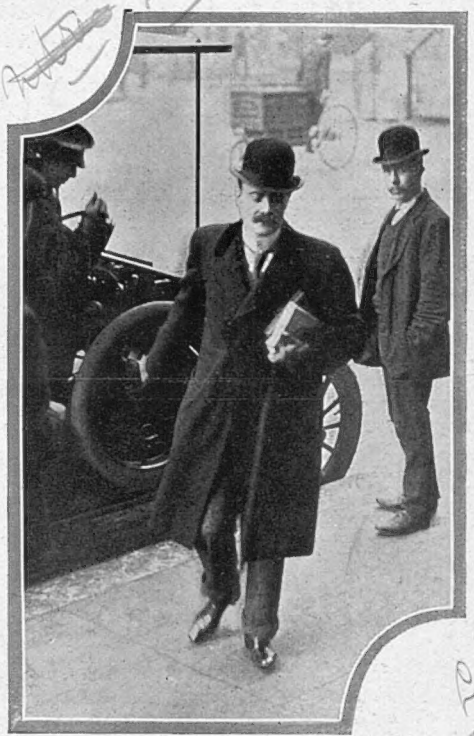
It will be interesting to know precisely what was the *Daily Mail's* authority for its startling announcement that Lord Kitchener will succeed Lord Minto as Indian Viceroy. It is true, of course, that there would be no novelty in the appointment of a military as distinct from a civil Viceroy, but for a Liberal Government to take such a step would be, indeed, strange. Reasons of State might, of course, justify it — also reasons of party tactics. For with Kitchener Viceroy, Curzon Indian Secretary is an impossibility, and the Liberals are not supposed to be anxious to see the latter nobleman a force in future Tory councils. He hit out much too hard, and with too much popular effect, to please Mr. Lloyd George. And yet, if there is one hope of the Tory Democracy of to-day, it is Lord Curzon. He, unlike most Conservative speakers, seemed to have the popular instinct, to be able to influence vast audiences, and to carry seats for the party. I look fondly forward to the time when, after the present chiefs have had their way and their day, Lord Curzon will assume the Tory leadership.

Causes Célèbres of the Week

It is getting quite the thing to be prosecuted and appear in the dock. I am rather afraid that in the future one's personality will be regarded as lacking in interest if one has not at least committed an "alleged" crime. It has been such a bright week, thanks to the Law, which sometimes forgets to be a Hass. I'm sure I was very sorry to read that "La Milo" and Miss Violet Charlesworth had been arrested. But it does cheer up the evening paper, doesn't it? (By the way, it's an awful mistake to enter a railway carriage with a Radical newspaper in your hand. No one makes room for you.) Then clever Mr. Crosland bobbed up again, and some of the revelations were so unspeakable as to be almost Scottish. Finally, we had the entertaining case of the Misses Cohens and butler. It must have come as a surprise to a great many of the late ladies' friends.

Mr. Cox and his Party

If Lord Rosebery really intends to re-enter political life, he is doing so by a very modest back-door. Presiding at the little dinner announced to be given on Tuesday evening, the 15th, to Mr. Harold Cox by the "British Constitutional Association," was a most engagingly simple and demure way of doing a notable thing. Lord Rosebery thereby associated himself with that tremendous political principle which is called Harold Cox—"the maintenance of personal liberty and personal responsibility as the fundamental principles of the Constitution." During the last Parliament one man alone made that principle his guiding star. He stuck to it, with his party against it. He influenced everybody's views, but nobody's vote, and finally he was rejected of Preston. Will Mr. Cox ever return? Not unless he joins a party, which he will not do. But try as he may he cannot avert the danger that a party will join him. I warn Mr. Cox seriously that if he sticks to his guns, it will not be very long ere he finds himself in the painful position of being a member—perhaps a leader—of a party representing half the



The Hon. H. F. W. Manners-Sutton

The plaintiff in the libel action against Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, author and journalist, leaving the Old Bailey. He is the only son of Lord Canterbury

"La Milo"

Otherwise Mrs. Pansy Eggena, who, last week, appeared in the dock at Bow Street with her husband, accused of conspiring to obtain jewellery by false pretences

THE IRISH SECRETARYSHIP IN VIEW

MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL

This charming picture vindicates the efforts of the much-abused snapshotter. No happier portraits of the President of the Board of Trade (who may go to the Irish Secretaryship if Mr. Asquith remains in power) and his pretty wife have been published

Two Interesting Weddings of the Future

electorate. He may one day sit on the Treasury Bench and be compelled to reconcile his political conduct with the principles of that most difficult of all possible associates—Mr. Harold Cox.

Berlin's New Embassy

The announcement that Sir Edward Goschen, our Ambassador in Berlin, is negotiating for new and still more palatial Embassy premises is yet a further proof, if any such were needed, of the amazing advance in the importance of the German capital as a diplomatic and social centre. A gorgeous house in the Thiergartenstrasse—the street *de luxe* of Berlin—is under contemplation, and the Kaiser himself, who sees in this step the fulfilment of one of the greatest of his ambitions, is taking a keen interest in the selection. The present Embassy, at the corner of Unter den Linden, cost us £100,000 in the early 'seventies, and was bought from the notorious Dr. Stronsberg, the Prussian railway king, who, having taken rather too full advantage of the speculating mania that obsessed his compatriots on payment of the French indemnity, ended his career within prison walls.

Photo *Gillman*

Viscount Maidstone

Eldest son and heir of the Earl of Winchilsea, whose engagement to Miss Margaretta Drexel is announced. He holds a commission in the Royal East Kent Yeomanry

The Dangers of Continental Travelling

If one may believe all the stories one hears, the Continent is particularly dangerous just now. One half of the British aristocracy is said to be chasing the other half with full intention to shoot at sight. Who is pursuing who, and why A is hunting B, and when C will get tired of it, I really am not at liberty to say. But I am assured that panic is general in French resorts at all likely to be patronised by the heroes and heroines of our little home scandals. The revolver trade is said to be booming, and I really do hope that nobody gets hurt. I am not at all surprised that the Seine indignantly overflowed its banks. Why cannot quarrelsome people stop in their own island? It is all so very irritating to peaceful individuals.

Photo *Lafayette*

Miss Cynthia Lascelles

Daughter of the Hon Gerald Lascelles, who will marry the Hon. George Bampfylde, eldest son of Lord Poltimore, on March 10

The Fateful Award—Next Week

This week it was our firm intention to announce the name of the fortunate winner of the £265 Bedford motor-car offered as the prize in our recent Election Competition. Thanks, however, to the dilatoriness of the awful Orkneys and shameful Shetlands, we are compelled to wait yet another week. In our next issue, therefore, will positively appear the name of the winner. The polling figures published by the *Times* newspaper will be accepted by the judges as accurate, and the award will be based on these figures only.

Popular American Girls

The engagement of Lord Maidstone and Miss Margaretta Drexel has given great satisfaction to both families, and, as both the young people are extremely popular, Society generally is very pleased at the announcement. For the past few seasons Miss Drexel has been one of a quartette of extraordinarily popular young Americans. The other three are Miss Nellie Post, Miss Mildred Carter, and Princess Miguel of Braganza, who, by the way, is a cousin of Miss Drexel. Miss Post is the daughter of Lady Barrymore by her first husband, and Miss Mildred Carter is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ridgeley Carter, who are about to leave, if they have not already done so, for Bucharest, where Mr. Carter has recently been appointed American Minister.

The Scandal of the Hour

I do wish some of the members of the great world would mend their ways and not cause Dame Rumour to gossip so much. There are no fewer than three unpleasant stories about just now, and few people know the real facts. In consequence, slander is touching the names of innocent folk, which makes matters worse. One "story" is over and done with, thank goodness. Story the second will never become public history; but I am sorry to say that we are likely to hear a good deal more about story the third—which is very painful indeed.

Our Society Portraiture

THE HON. ALINA ELAINE JENKINS

The second daughter of Lord Glantawe. She has just returned from a stay in Paris. Miss Jenkins is very interested in hospital work, and has recently started a branch of the British Red Cross Society

"Chantecler" at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Photo Larcher

Madame Simone as the Hen Pheasant in "Chantecler"

Her impersonation has delighted everyone. She wears her golden feathers in a way that banishes all suggestion of incongruity

Rostand

IT was an extraordinary experience. I had called to see Monsieur Coquelin about a dog—about some business, I mean—and I had been asked to wait. I sat down on the stage. I couldn't get on to the chair because the seat was 8ft. from the ground, but I sat down on the point of a *sabot* 6ft. long, and felt my position acutely. Presently—by no means as presently as it might have been, but managers are busy men, and why should not a mere journalist be kept waiting?—presently Monsieur Coquelin and his fellow-manager, Monsieur Hertz, came towards me out of the dusk of the stage. "You are the very man we have been waiting for," they said, both at once and in blank verse, "although you are a friend of Willy Clarkson."

Blank Verse

I tried to explain in the same medium that it was I who had been waiting, not they, but impromptu verse was difficult that afternoon, although I often talk Alexandrines at home when I am angry with the poodle. "Do you really?" said Hertz, and Coquelin, throwing up an arm, thundered

"If he can speak in verse at home, the man will do,
Leave him to me, and I'll give him a tip or two."

You have no idea how catching this sort of thing is. "That," said Hertz (the way these people answered what I didn't say, but only thought, was extraordinary),

"That is all for the best, so get to work, and I
Will learn the pheasant's part, or, at least, have a try."

"Come off your perch," I cried, dropping plump into good strong prose from across the Atlantic. "I don't mind playing Chantecler to get you out of trouble, because I know how awkward these things are at the last moment; but I will see you—kennelled first before I pay court and make love to old man Hertz, even in feathers. Besides, whoever saw a hen pheasant, and a golden hen pheasant at that, with a moustache?"

An Old Joke

Monsieur Coquelin growled. I put an arm round his neck, and his spiked dog-collar hurt me dreadfully. "Kind of an *apaché*," I murmured.

"Come, come, old cock, get on, you have not too much time,
Your rendering of the cock's part will be sublime;
All that you have to do is just to watch the boys
Who play the rabbits in act four, and make a noise
Just like a turnip——"

"Now, look here," I said, "you may be a bit of a dog"—("I am all kinds of a dog according to Rostand," was Coquelin's interruption)—"but that joke about the noise of a turnip is not original. I have seen it in *Punch* years ago, and I think Phil May——." "Never mind what Phil may do," said Coquelin. "What you've got to do is to get your feathers on." Just then the peacock came fluttering down from the top of the scarecrow's hat. "Great Cambo!" I said, "that's a good flutter! That scarecrow must be 16ft. high if it's an inch." "Ye-e-e-e-e-e-e-es," screamed the peacock, "but the height of the scarecrow cuts no ice." (I wish these birds wouldn't speak American, I thought.)

Cockadoodle-does

ARRIVE AT LAST, AND "CHANTECLER" SCORES A TRIUMPH

Photo] **The Third Act of "Chantecler": The Guinea-Fowl's At Home** *[Larcher*

The scene is a cottage garden, with trees and flowers, and the act is the most spectacular of the four. It is in this act that Chantecler has his fight with the Fighting Cock, the champion of the night birds. Chantecler is almost killed, but his opponent wounds himself with his own spur, and Chantecler is hailed as conqueror by the assembled poultry

Photo] **The Conspiracy of the Toads (Act IV.)** *[Larcher*

The toad conspire against Chantecler; *Nous sommes les crapauds chamarrés de pustules*, they sing, and they persuade him that his song is more beautiful than the nightingale's. He sits at their toadstool while the nightingale sings, and afterwards rebukes them for their false flattery

For New York!

"Maurice Rostand had an American governess when he was a child, yesterday, and he's translating the play for Frohman," said the peacock. "But don't interrrupt. What I want to know is the size of *your* crow. The size of the scarecrow is immaterial. Guitry can get into the upper C and the top gallery." "And," said Coquelin, "Guitry is getting into his motor-car now, so if you're going to play the part you had better be quick." I don't remember just how I got dressed. I remember, though, that the old white hen in the basket told me that the horse-collar which hung from a tree was 7ft. in diameter, and that little beast of a blackbird said that he didn't think I should ever be able to grin through it because the author insisted on a very large sized grin in the funny parts.

The Mole's Complaint

"I am not altogether satisfied," interrupted the mole, "with the way Rostand has done his work. As far as I can see——" "If you were not a mole," said the retriever, who was wearing a check suit and smoking a short pipe, because the author had told him he looked like a nice old Englishman, "if you weren't a mole I should tell you not to be a silly ass." "He couldn't be that," said one of the toads. "A cousin of mine, a frog he was, tried that game on. He only wanted to be as big as an ordinary bull, but the ass in the play is 30ft. high, so the mole couldn't even begin to swell to *that* size."

Photo Larcher
M. Guitry as the Cock in "Chantecler"
The actor makes a most gallant and poetic cock, his elocution being particularly admired

"Nous bavons"

"All I meant was," said the retriever, spitting on the stage because he hadn't quite got used to his pipe yet, "all I meant was that the mole couldn't *see* at all." "It's very rude to spit," said I. "It's done in the play," said the toad. "We do it in the fourth act. Don't you remember 'Je bave, Tu baves, Il bave, Nous bavons——'" "Yes, but the audience hooted, and whistled, and howled at that on the first night," I said. There was a sudden silence. It was an uncomfortable silence. I heard a passing wasp whisper, "The author's just behind you."

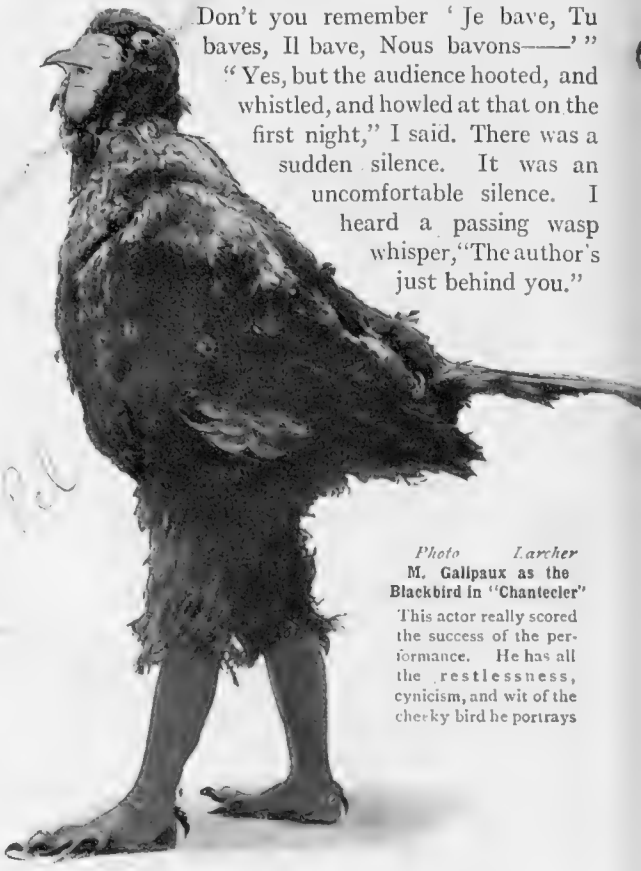


Photo Larcher
M. Galipaux as the Blackbird in "Chantecler"
This actor really scored the success of the performance. He has all the restlessness, cynicism, and wit of the cheeky bird he portrays

Only a Dream

I sat up, sneezed, and fell backwards into the *sabot*. It was made of real wood. Coquelin and his fellow-manager, Monsieur Hertz, came towards me out of the dusk of the stage. "Sorry to have kept you waiting, and we haven't any free seats we can spare you for at least six months," they said, both together, but in uncompromising and not very cordial prose.

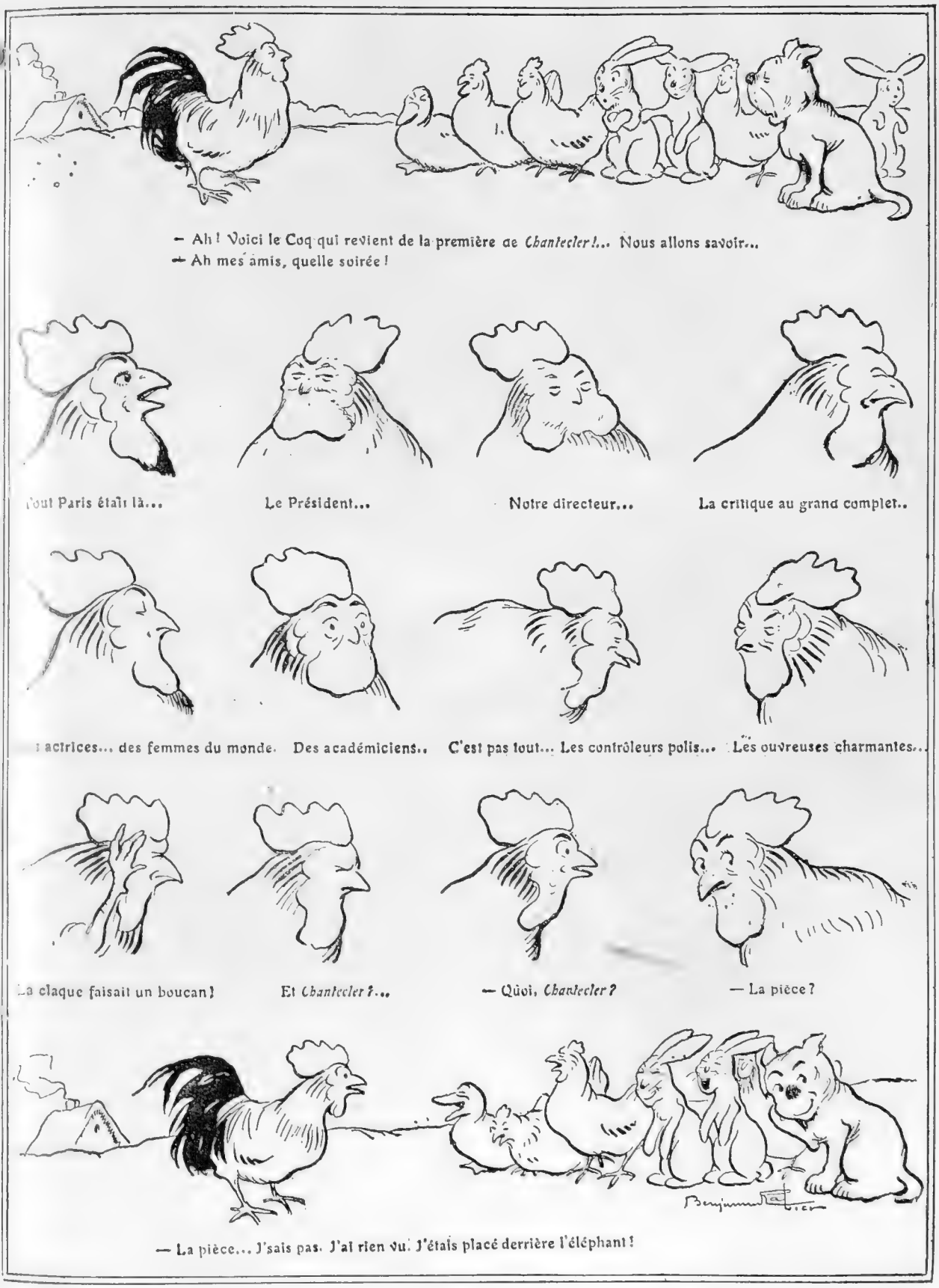
But I was wide awake now; and it was foolish of me to have started going out again too soon after three weeks of bed, perhaps. One gets tired and falls asleep in such strange places, after illness, does one not?

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

A FOOTNOTE CONCERNING MME. ROSTAND

As is the way in that most feministic of the countries—*la belle* France—the wife of M. Rostand, of *Chantecler*, *Cyrano*, and *L'Aiglon* fame, is believed to have had just as much to do with his stupendous success as the famous author himself. However that may be, Rostand, the son of a wealthy banker, certainly went up some steps in the social scale when, some twenty odd years ago, he married Raymonde, the granddaughter of Marshal Gérard, great-granddaughter of the portraitist, and member of a family that belonged to the Court of the Tuileries in the time of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon. Madame Rostand, whom her husband, for euphony's sake, re-christened Rosamunda, is herself a charming writer, and has just written a play in collaboration with her elder son.

Chantecler—An Expert Critique



DRAWING IN "LA QUINZAINE ILLUSTRÉE" (2, RUE DROUOT, PARIS), BY BENJAMIN RABIER, REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE" ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW AND S. H. SIME

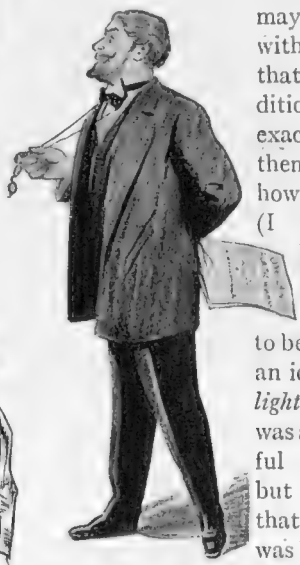
MR. ALEXANDER'S TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER has just been celebrating the twentieth anniversary of his embarkation upon the stormy waters of theatrical management, and in continuance of the metaphor I am pleased to say that he has got his flag still bravely flying, and the decks cleared for—acting. I have a very poor head for facts, but if I remember rightly, this time twenty years ago Mr. Alexander was lessee of the Avenue Theatre (now called The Playhouse), where he took the actor-manager's part in a play called *The Struggle for Life*. I remember the part very well, because it seemed so suitable a beginning for a gentleman who was subsequently to acquire the reputation of being the best-dressed actor-manager in London. It is, of course, quite possible that however well dressed an actor may be he will not always regard it as a compliment when he finds he is as often as not identified chiefly by the perfect fit of his clothes. It is as if you went up to an elocutionist who had just recited the entire play of *Hamlet* and had complimented him on his—memory. I hasten, therefore, to assure Mr. Alexander that, although his exquisite taste in dress has always been grateful and comforting to us, we recognise that it is quite a subsidiary manifestation of his generally recognised artistic gifts. This brings me back to *The Struggle for Life*. When the curtain rose on the third act of that play Mr. Alexander was seen as the hero in his dressing-room brushing his hair. Having performed this feat, he proceeded to finish his toilet by putting on his waistcoat and coat. Looking back across the long vista of years, so to speak, it seems to me now as if Mr. Alexander had decided to make our sartorial education thorough by teaching us first of all how to put our clothes on, and then to show us how to wear them with grace and distinction. I do not think the struggle for life of *The Struggle for Life* can have been a very successful one, because Mr. Alexander produced a few weeks later a play by Mr. R. C. Carton, called *Sunlight and Shadow*. In this piece Mr. Alexander sacrificed his taste in dress to his reverence for his art. He appeared as an interesting invalid, with a slightly humped back and a rather game leg; and everybody knows that however much we may sympathise with people in that unhappy condition we do not exactly look to them to show us how a coat or a (I think the French word is *pantalon*) really ought to be worn. I have an idea that *Sunlight and Shadow* was a very successful production; but I will admit that, whether it was successful or not, the fact either way is no business of mine. I should doubt very much whether the half-crown that I paid into the coffers of the theatre on my way to the pit had any very great influence on the financial destiny of the new manager.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh and George Alexander in "The Thief"

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER IN FOUR OF HIS MOST RECENT CHARACTERS BY NORMAN MORROW

George Alexander as Thorsfield in "The Builder of Bridges"



George Alexander as Lorimer Sabiston (with beard)

George Alexander as Thaddeus and Miss Mabel Hackney as Phyllis in "The Thunderbolt"

According to S. H. Sime

MR. ALEXANDER AS JOHN WORTHING IN "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

Mr. Alexander's impersonation (in Oscar Wilde's delightful comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest") of John Worthing, the unhappy hero who was "bred if not born" in a bag (with handles), is one of the best things he has ever done. The impression produced on the brain of the famous caricaturist, Mr. Sidney H. Sime, by Mr. Alexander's appearance in mourning clothes in the second act is shown above

ONE of the earliest plays produced by Mr. Alexander at the St. James's Theatre was called *The Man of Forty*. I have sometimes thought that perhaps Mr. Alexander was himself a man of that age when he produced the play, and as I was then a very much younger man than I am even now, I remember wondering that a man of forty could look so juvenile and so fresh, and could so far forget his age as to be able to fall in love for the first time, as this Man of Forty did in the play. To my immature eyes, forty seemed to me to be old age; but I now know that a man of forty who has lived soberly and industriously may be as young as he was at twenty. I shall not say how I came by this information, because, in spite of appearances to the contrary, this is an article about Mr. George Alexander, and not about myself.

THE revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest* brings to my mind a vivid memory of the first production. On that occasion both Mr. Alexander and Mr. Aynesworth wore what was then, to London at least, a new pattern in collars. The pattern in question has since become quite popular, but at that time it was not on sale at ordinary shops. This fact occasioned me a good deal of mental anxiety, because I was young enough then to believe that there would be a panic in the West End if I were seen in Mount Street with a collar that was not in the latest fashion. I am old enough now to know better; but in those days I was not so easy to convince. I think it was on the first night of this play that Oscar Wilde came on to take the author's call with a lighted cigarette between his fingers. I don't know whether he adopted the pose designedly or not; but I remember that the next day there was a wild outcry among the critics at this terrible defiance of the traditions. Some of them seemed to think it was Wilde's way of suggesting that he did not care tuppence for them or their poor little opinions, and for all I know to the contrary they may have been right. No doubt Mr. Alexander must have been as shocked as anyone at this playful manner of insisting that nice customs curtsey to great kings, as Shakespeare puts it; but he could have had no chance to interfere until it was too late.

THE revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest* has done at least one thing for Mr. Alexander. It has shown that, in spite of twenty years of one of the most strenuous kinds of life a man can lead, he is still young and light of heart, and that is always a good thing to see and know. Doubtless the consciousness of work well done contributes much to buoyancy of the spirits. Apart from the grace and distinction of his own acting, he has made the St. James's Theatre famous for the all-round excellence of the company supporting him for the time being. I know of very few other theatres where you will find members of a company "playing-up" to each other so well and so whole-heartedly as is almost invariably done under Mr. Alexander's management, and this is an effect that can, I think, be only guaranteed by the very nicest diplomacy. I do not wish to give Mr. Shakespeare more advertisement than is really necessary, because his books already sell so much better than my own do, but I cannot help recalling the fact that he once observed that the apparel oft proclaims the man. I think the remark proves apposite here, for those who know Mr. Alexander tell me that he is really the model of courtesy and refinement that his clothes proclaim him to be. My only personal experience of his tact took place many years ago, when I was a very young man without much experience, and consequently very knowing indeed. I sent Mr. Alexander a play with the hint that it would pay him very well to produce such a masterpiece. About a fortnight later my play, which I now know was not worth the paper it was written on, came back with a gentle note, from which I gathered that until he had had the honour of reading my play Mr. Alexander had not really known what it was to be alive. I should like to add, to prevent mistakes, that this article is about Mr. George Alexander and not about myself. I am far too modest to obtrude my uninteresting personality on the tolerant reader.

JINGLE.

THE STRONG PEOPLE

SKETCHED BY MR. S. H. SIME AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

The Strong People, a drama, by C. M. S. McLellan, of no small merit, recently produced by Mr. Lewis Waller, was withdrawn on Saturday last, after a very short run

A Coming Concert-Room Début

Camera Picture *E. O. Hoppé, F.R.P.S.*

MISS MARJORIE BITTER

A young singer who is making her début on the London concert stage in March

DOWNWRITINGS

(The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his correspondent, of whose identity he is unaware)

DOWN WITH REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS!

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—I don't think that the Tory party (not "Conservative" or "Unionist," please, Mr. Editor) should concern itself with the reform of the House of Lords. Mind you, I don't say we shouldn't *pretend* to want it reformed. That's right enough as a matter of party tactics, because it scoops in, as it were, the Mod-Libs, and causes Radical splits. But heaven preserve us from meaning anything by it! Reform, Sir, of anything is no affair of the Tory party. If, in order to shame our enemies, we have occasionally to steal their clothes, by all means let's do so. But let us not, for heaven's sake, *wear* the wretched rags. Let us remember we are the gentlemanly party, and leave tinkering to tinkers and cobbling to cobblers.

Portrait of a Peer

(Of the Reformed House of Lords, suggested by various newspapers, in which all sorts of people, including representatives of His Majesty's coloured subjects, are to be included)

Thus it is with the question of mending the Lords. To pose as desiring this is, no doubt, good tactics. We have in our ranks men like the Editor of the *Observer*, a journal which I regard as a sort of church—a place for the public profession of our political virtues. The Rev. J. L. Garvin lifted up his voice on February 6, and gave us his own programme for the aforementioned mending. He wants to sweep away the hereditary qualification, and to start making a Lords' House all of his very own. He wants it packed full of bigwigs and wiseacres gathered from the High-ways; he wants working-gentlemen and even Methodist parsons there; he thinks the County Councils should each run a little Lord of their own; and, of course (with an inordinate desire to drag in the Empire), he wants the Colonies to send us of their broadest, brownest, and best. Developing the latter idea, some other Reformer even went so far as to suggest that the *coloured races* should have their Lords. A full-blooded, ebony-faced, ruddy-lipped, white-toothed Sambo rubbing shoulders with the Cecils and Hamiltons wouldn't offend him much. And all these wondrous, weird people to do—what? To revise the work already accomplished by that other weird and wondrous combination, His Majesty's faithful Commons.

Sir, goodness knows I've little enough opinion of the Commons. I regard it as a scratch assemblage, comprised of charlatans, demagogues, lawyers, prigs, pedants and prudes, "comrades," cranks, quidnuncs, and carpet-baggers. But if there is one thing I should dislike with greater intensity it is such a House of Lords as the good Mr. Garvin would give unto us. I tell you candidly that the *Observer* of February 6 made me so bilious that I retired straight to bed. I may not think much of a measure compounded by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, but that it would be any the better for the revision of Lord Clifford of Westbourne Park, Baron Crooks of Woolwich, and Viscount Dinizulu of Durban I do *not* think.

Such a Chamber as is proposed for us—by Tories, of all people—would be a national nightmare. For, Sir, what unmitigated rubbish it is to suppose that out of a multitude of wiseacres cometh wisdom. If you want dissension, pack your jury with experts; if you want legislative chaos, cram a Second Chamber with Solomons. As a good Tory, I regard the present House of Lords as the perfection of perfection—as the finest, the soundest, the wisest Second Chamber in the world.

It may, I grant you, be wrong in theory. A man should *not* have the right to sit in it just because he is the son of his father. But because he is the son or the grandson of a famous man is no reason why he should be a congenital idiot. There were two generations of Pitts, and many more of Walpoles, Cannings, Castlereaghs, Russells, Derbys. The good Radical Government itself comprises the son of a Gladstone, the son of a Churchill, the son of a Harcourt, and the son of a Grey. The odds are that the son of a famous family will, if not exceedingly brainy himself, at the worst not lack brains. If, however, the son of his father *is*, unfortunately, a foolish young fellow, given to gaieties and dissipations, the last place he is likely to be seen, dead or alive, is the House of Lords. Depend upon it, if a Peer takes the trouble to go to the House he means business. And if you have three hundred gentlemen of birth, education, and travel who mean business, guided by about fifty or a hundred gentlemen who know something about it—men such as Rosebery, Rothschild, Revelstoke, Faber, Cromer, Curzon, Milner, Cawdor, St. Aldwyn, etc., etc.—you can depend on it you've got as near a good working Second Chamber as you're likely to get in an imperfect world.

If all that's wanted is to keep out of the House Peers who've no qualification to sit in it, surely the policeman at the door could do that. And if the wanton young wastrel got through, why the Sergeant-at-Arms ought to manage to help him out. Or, if a more polite method is sought, let His Majesty withhold from any unworthy nobleman the writ of summons, just as he would his Ascot Enclosure badge.

My final word, Mr. Editor, is that I hope my trusted and revered leaders, while I give them full permission to pow-wow to their hearts' content about the *need* of the Reform of the House of Lords, will disdain to touch with a pair of tongs any such fatuous and fantastical schemes as those I have mentioned. Imagine taking one's afternoon snooze next to a ——. But the thought forbids expression.

DOWNWRITER.

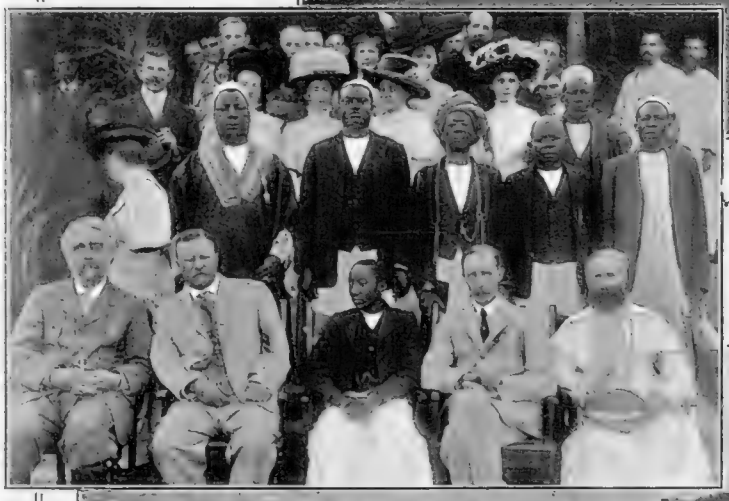
A Glimpse of Civilisation

MR. ROOSEVELT TEMPORARILY DESERTS THE JUNGLE AND WONDERS AT THE PROGRESS OF UGANDA

Roosevelt Visits the High School at Mengo, Uganda

Mr. Roosevelt is speaking. He holds in his hand a souvenir volume presented by the scholars, containing drawings and maps, the work of the boys. The Ex-President was much impressed by their knowledge. The school is for Princes' and Chiefs' sons, and is the biggest boarding-school in this part of the world

Tea on Tennis Court After Visiting Church Missionary Society's Hospital, Cathedral, and Mengo High School



An Interesting Group, Taken on the Occasion of a Public Reception Given to Mr. Roosevelt at Mengo, Uganda

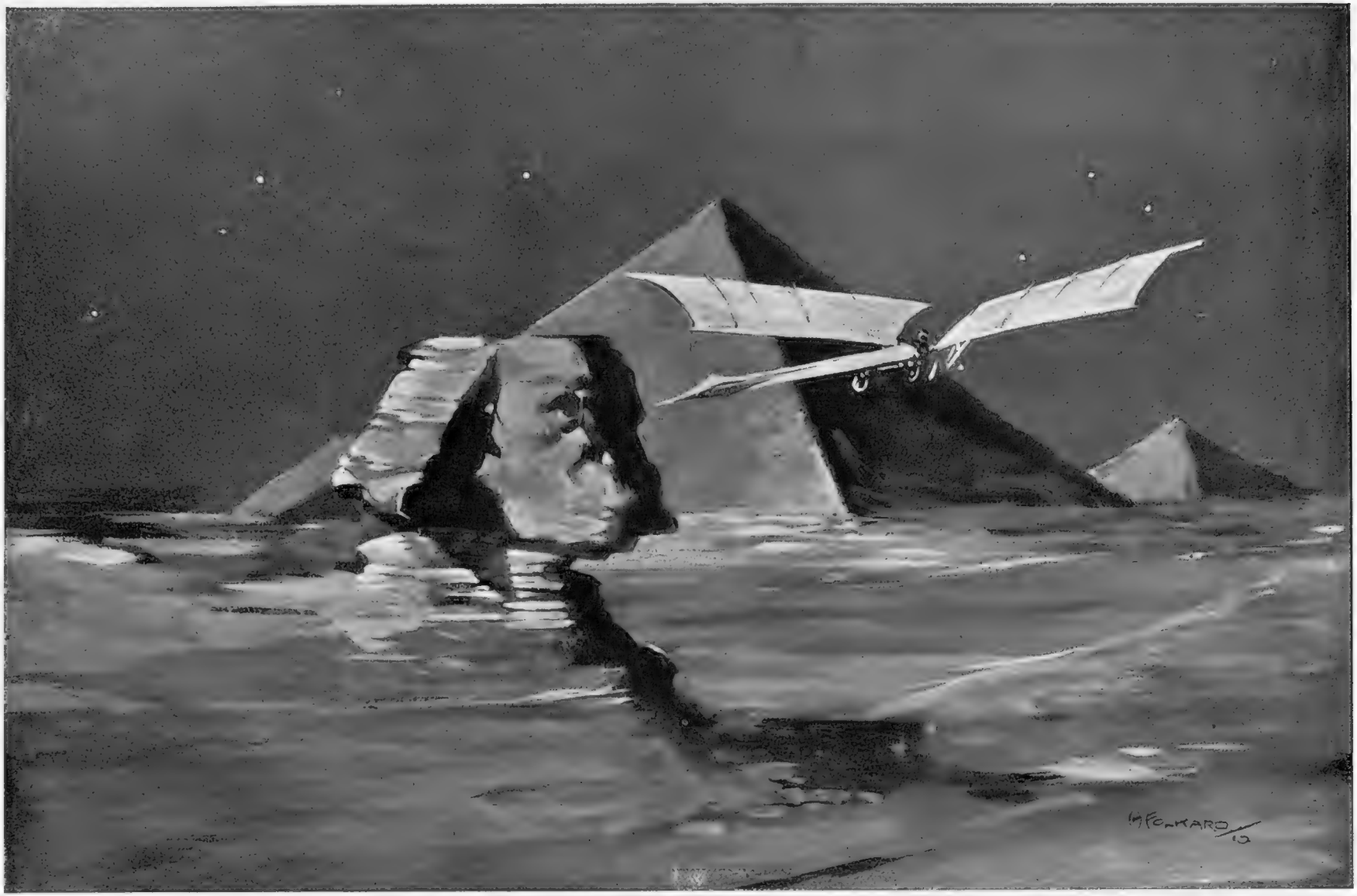
Mr. Roosevelt may be seen second from the left in the front row. The coloured people are the leading Chiefs of the district

Mr. Roosevelt Arrives at Mengo High School, Preceded by Scholars Carrying the Stars and Stripes

The Ex-President spent a busy time at Mengo, which is the seat of the native government in Uganda. The weather was delightful for the time of year, and the scenery was greatly appreciated by the distinguished visitor. He first of all inspected the Catholic schools, and then the headquarters of the Church Missionary Society. At the latter he opened the new ward of the hospital and viewed the extraordinary Cathedral of St. Paul, which has been built by the native Christians, and seats 3,000 people. The ceiling is made of millions of reeds, hand-sewn. Later Mr. Roosevelt visited the schools, where the pupils sang the "Star-Spangled Banner" in Luganda, the language of Uganda

"For Still the New Transcends the Old in Signs and Tokens Manifold"

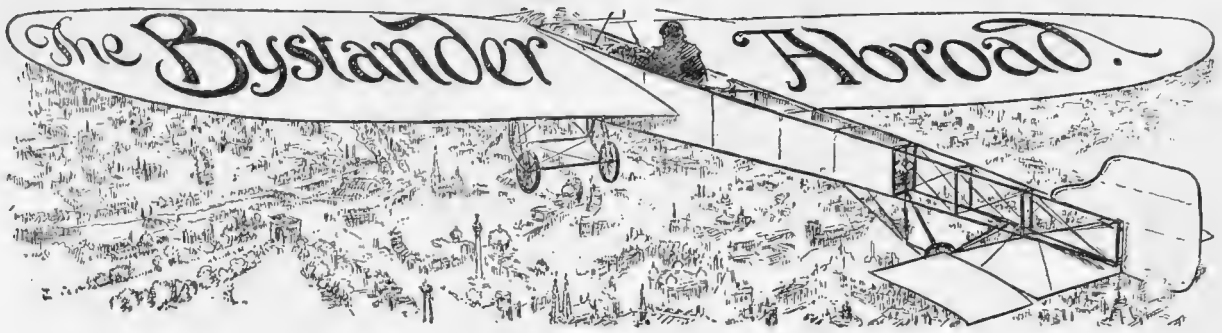
—WHITTIER



A MONOPLANE IN THE VALLEY OF THE PYRAMIDS

Mr. Folkard's clever drawing acquires additional interest from the fact that an aviation meeting took place last week at Heliopolis. The strange spectacle of flying-men astounded the Arabs and Nubians, some of whom, especially the women, were not a little frightened

BY H. FOLKARD



Germany Patronises France

I have often wondered whether if Germany had been more modest in the penalties she inflicted on her fallen foe the two countries would have been by this time allies against a common rival. It was England and France which were the hereditary and historic enemies, not Germany and France. But for joint interests against Germany there would have been no Franco-Russian Alliance; far from it, revolutionary France had nothing but antipathy for autocratic Russia, and even a sentimental feeling for her down-trodden people, which would have ranked her rather among Russia's official foes than friends. And yet, if Germany had not shown such an unrelenting gluttony in her exactions, would a proud people like the French have forgiven the Germans for their overwhelming victories? Be that as it may, all the efforts made by the Kaiser and his subjects to conciliate the French produce no effect On the contrary, they serve as stimulants to anti-German expressions of feeling. The exhibition of French pictures which is just now thrilling the Berlin artistic world is calling forth the most enthusiastic admiration for everything French. The Kaiser himself is taking an almost demonstrative interest in the treasures exhibited, and the German connoisseurs are untiring in their comparisons of the clear, straightforward, terrestrial methods of the French artists with the allegorical and misty productions of the German schools. But on the French, as I have already said, all this is lost. M. Deroulède voices the real feeling of the French when he abuses his countrymen for descending to receive German patronage.

The Fatalist Turk

To understand the Cretan Question one must have been in Turkey, or, at least, have some idea of Turkish psychology. The Turks have been so long accustomed to foreign interference that to them the occupation of Egypt by the British or the international control of Crete are not so anomalous as to exclude reversion to their nominal allegiance. The Young Turks, after all, are Turks, and have the same feeling as the old Turks—that patient but dogged conviction that fate will bring things round to the right condition in the long run. A young Turk

Photo *Fradelle and Young*

Under Five Flags: Canea, the Capital of Crete, Showing Flying on the Fortress the Flags of the Five Protecting Powers

Crete, under the protection of five Powers, Britain, France, Russia, Italy, and Turkey, is again the European storm-centre, on account of the threatened despatch of Cretan deputies to the coming National Assembly in Athens. The above picture is an interesting one, as it shows, on the right, the flags of the five Powers hoisted on the fort

A General View of the Ice Skating Rink in Vienna

This splendid rink is enormously popular with the Viennese. It is a great deal larger than anything of the kind we have in London. Many members of the nobility patronise it, and thoroughly enjoy skating to the military music

will tell you as an undisputed observation that the English will evacuate Egypt as soon as Turkey is strong enough to defend all her Empire against invasion. Conversion of the British occupation into Sovereignty would cause greater indignation than the annexation of Bosnia. And so it is with Crete, although it seems incredible to our Western notions that Turkey should wish to retain an island at a great distance from her mainland, with a discontented population, whose only desire is to swear allegiance to a foreign Sovereign.

A Flower-Fight at Nice

The carnival at Nice this year has been remarkable for two things—the excellence of the various *chars* in the carnival procession and the poorness of the battles of flowers. Whereas in the old days there were dozens of beautifully decorated carriages, this year they have been conspicuous by their absence. Juniori and Mme. Lanthelme, wife of Mr. Edwards, founder of the *Matin*, had the best turn-outs, and the Archduke Eugen of Austria, who is staying *incognito* at the Hermitage, was one of the keenest of the fighters. But, taken all round, it was a poor show, and the majority of the flowers thrown were of the shabbiest description. The battle was keenest at the tribune of the Hôtel Royal, whence Mr. Frank Gould and a party of friends waged incessant warfare on the passing carriages. There was an enormous crowd of spectators, most of whom seemed bent on getting —and keeping—as many bouquets as possible.

Foolery Unfashionable

The best *char* in the carnival procession, or rather processions, was certainly "Chantecler," though King Carnival himself ran it close. Nothing more realistic than this giant cock could be imagined, and the figures of Cyrano and Roxane, which it drew in a carriage, were in the real spirit of good fun. "Chantecler" has also figured in the Mentone and Cannes carnivals, in which, however, none but the native takes much interest. In fact, the only carnival worth talking about down here is that of Nice, and even that is declining in interest. People grow less and less willing to make fools of themselves, and the number of actual masqueraders grows lamentably small. In days gone by natives and visitors alike wore carnival dress—to-day the visitors are merely spectators. This is especially the case with the battles of plaster confetti, from which the great majority of the visitors keep away. It is nasty stuff, this confetti, and would have been done away with years ago if the authorities had not feared the wrath of the natives, who revel in this particular form of battle.

The Archduke Maximilian, with a Friend, Skating on the Ice Rink at Vienna

The Archduke is closely related to the Emperor

A Famous Gambler

Lord Rosslyn, of many fames, is at Monte Carlo, but he has failed to bring a new system with him, and the Casino continues to breathe freely! It will, by the way, shortly be able to expand its lungs still further, for the new extension will certainly be finished by the end of the month, if not before. Visitors, at any rate visitors of any note, still come but slowly. Sir Vincent Caillard arrived the other day, and there has been the usual influx of pigeon-shooters for the Grand Prix du Casino. The Duc and Duchesse d'Albe have arrived at the Balmoral, and Lord Faber is at the Victoria, as usual—and there the list of new notables ends.

Love-Darting Eyes

A STRIKING TYPE OF ITALIAN BEAUTY

The Late Paris Floods: Maman, Papa, Ta

LELONG'S DELIGHTFUL DRAWING REPRODUCED ABOVE, WHICH HE CALLS "INUNDATIONS," DEPICT
CAME OUT IN AN ENTIRELY NEW LIGHT, AND COPED WITH HIS TROUBLES

...nte et Bébé Escape Through the Window

S A SCENE COMMON ENOUGH IN PARIS DURING THE RECENT FLOODS. THE VOLATILE PARISIAN AS PHLEGMATICALLY AND SENSIBLY AS THE STOLID BRITON MIGHT HAVE DONE

BY LELONG

A Dance of Kisses

WHICH HAS CAPTURED THEATRE-GOING BERLIN

THE EXTRAORDINARY "DANSE MESMERIQUE," IN WHICH THE BARONESS MAGHIERO IS SUPPOSED TO MESMERISE HER PARTNER, HERR VON RODELHEIM

Heroes, Please Note !

FINE PHYSIQUE ESSENTIAL FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR SCULPTOR

THE GROUP ERECTED IN PALERMO TO THE MEMORY OF ADMIRAL CANARIS AND HIS BROTHER

During the recent Naval revolt in Greece it was a common occurrence to hear citizens of Athens remark that such things could not be were Admiral Canaris yet alive, allusion being made to the famous leader of that name who played such a distinguished part in the Greek War for Independence (1821-1825), and to whose memory Signor Civiletti carved the remarkable group shown above, which may now be seen in the gorgeous grounds of the Villa Guilia, Palermo. The foremost figure represents the Admiral, and behind him is his brother. The statue is unique, for never before or since has a monument shown a national hero so nearly dressed in the garb of Adam

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE has expressed the hope that London will some day be as bright as Monte Carlo. It is a cheerful wish, but we shall have to wait till Lent and the L.C.C. elections are over, anyway.

* * *

THEN we shall see what we shall see. We are promised the Budget and a Repertory Theatre to start with. We may have penny steamboats again. What fun.

* * *

I SUPPOSE Fashion, which always borrows its costumes from the stage, will ordain *Chantecler* frocks shortly, and we shall see designs for Buff-Orpington morning-gowns and Black Leghorn rinking skirts. All this will make London cheerier.

* * *

AND to cap it all, we shall see the House of Lords being reformed. "Correspondence Classes for Dukes." "Peers Educated by Post." "Our Clients fitted for the House of Lords in three weeks by the Garvin-Observer System." All these "ads." may be expected.

* * *

THEN there will be the testimonials:—

(1) The Duke of K—— writes: "I never knew how to legislate before Mr. Garvin taught me. Now I hardly ever sleep in the House."

(2) Lord P—— says: "After three weeks of Mr. Garvin, I spoke on Tariff Reform for twenty minutes, and only said 'er' six times."

(3) Earl W—— wires: "Thanks to Mr. G., I never swear on the platform now. You can use this testimonial if you like."

* * *

BUT this is to anticipate, Lent being the season still. Apropos of Lent, the Teal should be a proud bird. It is the only one—according to a contemporary—that can be eaten during this season by strict observers.

* * *

I DO not know why, but I suppose because it has a fishy flavour. At the South Pole, no doubt, one might venture on a penguin.

* * *

IRISH NATIONALISTS consider that in attacking their policy Mr. William O'Brien is trying to draw a Red Erin across the track of Home Rule.

A New Use for Bicycles

A new instrument called the Butyrometer has been made, which is filled with milk and fixed in the wheel of a bicycle. The wheel is revolved, either by hand or foot, the milk becomes separated, and is churned into butter

HAS Mr. Roosevelt, one wonders, decided what to do with the white rhinoceros that has fallen to his rifle? It would be a graceful thing if he had its fur made into a motor-coat for President Taft.

* * *

THE bull's-eye targets are, it appears, likely to be retained for Bisley. Perhaps this decision will deter a German army from trying to land on these shores. For undoubtedly if it halted for any length of time in the line of some of our expert riflemen, it would find itself getting some nasty hits.

* * *

MR. ALFRED MOND has acquired the *English Review*. It will not, however, be called the *Revue d'un Mond*.

* * *

ANOTHER beauty-spot, threatened with destruction by builders, is on the market, and may be purchased by the public at the usual slight reduction. This goes to prove that spring, and particularly April, will soon be here now.

* * *

A JOHANNESBURG journalist who has returned to this country says that London is transformed from ten years ago. "Suburbs which were unattainable save by the most adventurous traveller can now be reached by an elderly spinster with a dachshund." All the same, one would pity the dachshund that had to drag her, say, from the Marble Arch to Ealing.

* * *

"EUGÉNIE curls that fall over the shoulder are coming in. Postichenos are already selling them." So says one of the leading fashion correspondents. What I want to know is—does a gentleman pick them up and hand them back with a bow, or does he pretend he hasn't noticed that they've fallen?

* * *

THE reluctance of newly elected Liberal M.P.'s to give up their seats in favour of the Chief Ministerial Whip suggests that "Pease at any price" is no longer a regular part of Radical policy.

"The Bystander's" Own Pantomime

COMES TO A WELCOME END IN THE USUAL WAY

No. VI. (AND LAST).—THE HARLEQUINADE

BY H. M. BATEMAN

Æsop to Date

THE CRAZE FOR ANIMAL IMPERSONATION AS IT AFFECTED THE NICE CARNIVAL

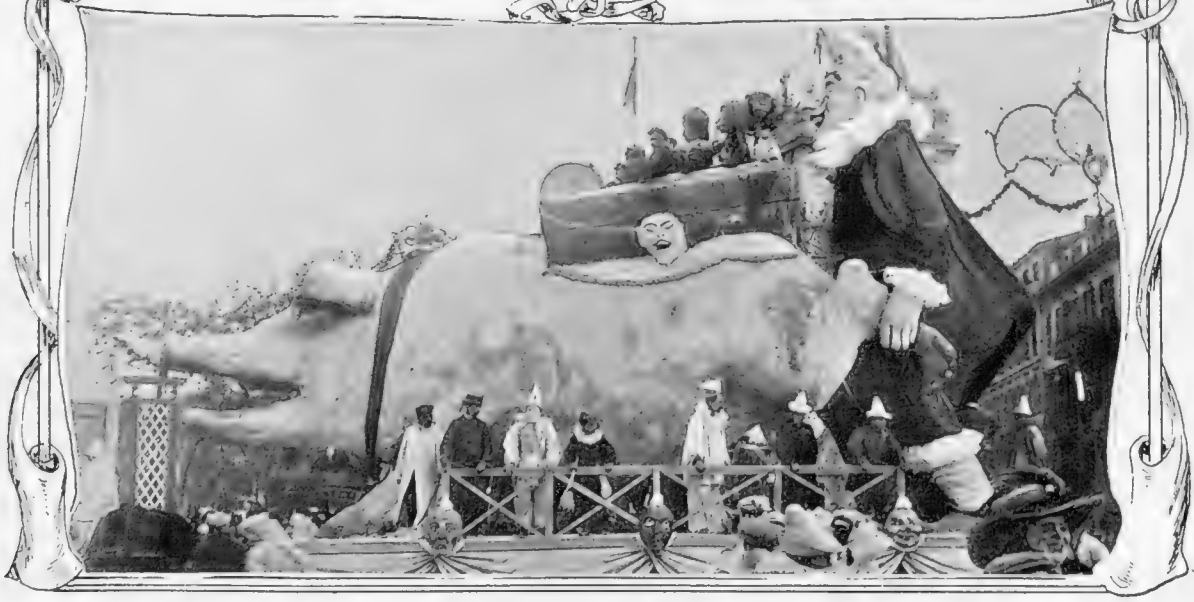
King Carnival as Dr. Cook on a Polar Bear

The "Chantecler" Car

The Car of the Golden Calf

The "Grasshopper" Car

Queen Carnival on a Tiger



"Returning from Market" Car

The cult of the "poor, dumb beast" continues amain. Kipling's humanisation of the animal world has lured Rostand to write *Chantecler*, in which play all the characters are birds or beasts. Maeterlinck has given us *The Blue Bird*, and dogs and cats galore may be found in every modern pantomime. At the recent carnival at Nice the animal world was well represented, as may be seen from our pictures

Art is Long

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

THE audience was not a small one. Indeed, the Baker Street hall was fairly well filled. It was its composition that disappointed Arthur Caley, the keen-faced pianist, peering through the curtains at the back of the platform.

He was a slim, ordinary-looking young man, dark, and rather inclined to stoop. His dress-suit did not fit him at all well. The coat-tails, especially, were rather too long. His teeth were white and his smile quite pleasant, but his hands were ugly. The fingers, curiously enough, were short and stumpy and the nails coarsely set.

He scanned every row of the audience before whom he was to make the first public display of his talents, and his under-lip dropped dubiously. In the front row were some shirt-fronts divided by mountains of satin and a few plumes. The second row was very similar. In the third were grey-faced men with ill-cut hair, two clerkly lads with made-up evening ties, and several girls in coloured blouses and dark skirts. The rest of the room was a surge of dark clothes and chalk-coloured faces, splashed with a few more white shirt-fronts.

Arthur Caley felt his heart sink. There were certainly several of the best-known critics present, but the rest were only too obviously a "paper" audience dragged together by hook or crook by his hard-working agent. He had no cause to grumble. Such an audience was all that a beginner, an entirely unknown man that is to say, could expect. Still he had hoped for better results from the fifty pounds that he had grudgingly placed in the hands of "Concert Direction, Raymond Crew."

Caley had once been a commercial traveller. He and certain honest friends had one day discovered his exceptional talent for piano-playing. At first Caley had smiled at the notion of devoting his life to so precarious a profession. But in secret he had practiced hard. Then a level-headed professor at the Academy had whispered things in his ear. Still Caley did not listen, but still harder did he practice. Moreover, he began to save. At the age of twenty-six he had nearly £500 in the bank.

Master of so substantial a sum, Caley was at last persuaded to listen to the voice of the tempter. On £500 he could live for at least three years in all the comfort he required, and could, moreover, hire quite the best of pianofortes. Yet he hesitated, doubting, like the true artist he was, his own talent. But Music, a supremely seductive mistress, had her way. Feeling that, in a way, he had been mesmerised, he threw up his easy position and buried himself in the country with a Bechstein Grand and Chopin.

It was as an interpreter of Chopin that his masters expected him to succeed. He was advised to ignore all music else. Chopin must be his god, Chopin's music his food, work, and recreation. Thus might he woo thousands to sit hushed round him and his piano. Thus might he live to see women crouching with clutched hands on his platform. Thus might he win the plaudits of kings and queens. By and through Chopin might he achieve immortality.

For three years he practiced. Often he thought Chopin would drive him mad. But it was a sweet insanity in which he learnt to revel. The tremendous skill that this mighty master demands he achieved. As he played he listened to tinkling silver, plashing water, clicking kisses. He became Chopin's master, his intimate, his voice.

Then to town he came to make the grand essay. A firm of concert agents accepted practically his last £50. Puffs appeared in the Press, then advertisements. A West-end hall was booked, a singer or two engaged, and the critics were specially advised that a tremendous musical sensation was due. The critics, one and all, greeted the news with profound yawns.

Caley viewed his audience without the slightest sense of fear. He had arrived at such a mastery of his instrument that he knew he could not fail, but the composition of this crowd annoyed him. He knew enough of London to recognise that with the possible exception of the critics these people were utterly uncultured. They had attended because tickets had been thrust upon them—gratis. But he had faith. They might be elevated beyond their usual level.

"To-night," he thought, "I am Chopin. Chopin was almighty."

He walked to the piano amid faint hand-clappings. Leisurely seating himself he raised his hands. There was an irritating chattering going on in several parts of the hall.

Caley put down his hands and looked at the people with a puzzled expression on his face.

One or two cried "Sh-h!" The chattering died down.

Again Caley raised his hands. A violent cough broke the quiet. With an open gesture of annoyance Caley faced his audience. There were one or two

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murmurs. The suburban masters and misses thought this affectation.

Again one or two people called for quiet. Then there was silence.

Immediately the pianist broke into the brilliant Ballade in A flat. There was no hesitation now. His body thrilled and his eyes shone. Most of the audience watched his quivering figure rather than listened to the music. The critics looked at each other. A young woman in the front row opened her mouth wide, leant forward and stared wonderingly up at him. Her eyes sparkled and her lips swelled sensuously.

He played. Dancing, dancing! The shadow of leaves in a light wind! Parasol frills! The ripple of the feathers in the long grass! Flashing eyes! Sapphire facets in the sunlight! Patter of little one's shoes! The laughter of a pretty flirt! Light and lilt and pace! His hands fell away from the keys. The amazing thing was played. His heart was beating abnormally. His body was burning, his skin cold. The girl in the front row was red-faced, and her breath came short and quick. She clapped very weakly, and her manner suggested that she was conscious of having behaved a little indelicately.

Caley went quickly off the platform. He just heard a hearty burst of applause.

The critics who sat together exchanged opinions about the performance.

"Really, very extraordinary technique," said a fat, grey-haired man to a tall, elegant young fellow wearing pince-nez.

"More than that, Bettinson, I don't think the Ballade has ever been better played."

"Um! Wouldn't go so far as to say that."

"I would." Bettinson jerked up his head and stared at his friend.

A girl strolled on to the platform clutching a little pocket-book. She sang the Jewel song from Faust. There are several ways of singing this song. This was one of them.

Then Caley reappeared. This time he played a Nocturne, grey and silver, and very gentle. He saw grey skies, grey people, and grey ashes. Sometimes a ribbon of silver light gleamed through the sad melody. Grey lives grew vivid in his finger-pictures, grey lives with silver gleamings. Grey water swirled silently along, save where the submerged stone forced a bubbling of silver. Grey folk ran and walked and loitered, beauty in their silver hair. Barren soil with an occasional sprig of silver thistle-down. Grey clouds scurrying across dull silver stars. Silver tears on aged faces.

The hearts of the few in the strange audience felt a sweet melancholy. The eyes of the most sympathetic were blurred with tears. The music kept waking old memories, so wistful, so tender was its appeal. The composition, gladly for these few, ended with a bright laugh. The fat, grey-haired critic thought the conclusion cynical. The few knew from their own sad experience that sunshine bursts through shadow most unexpectedly.

This time the pianist retired amid only moderate applause. The masters and misses, who composed the greater part of the audience, did not understand, and, therefore, were unable to respond.

"The quicker work suits him better, eh?" said the stout critic. The thin one stared back in reply. He had not properly heard the question. He had even forgotten to clap.

Behind the stage Caley was shaking hands with his agent.

"Fine audience, my boy," said Mr. Crew, a jolly looking man with Jewish features.

"Yes," said Caley half-heartedly, wondering what Crew would call a poor audience.

"You'll get grand notices. Dick Peterman is immensely struck. I met him in the hall just as he was off to the Albert Hall."

"Peterman—gone!" said Caley blankly.

Peterman was the best and most influential critic of the day. He had come to hear Caley at Crew's special request. Now he had gone, after hearing him play two pieces!

"Well, my boy, you can't expect him to stop here all night. He's probably got four or five shows to do to-night."

"Oh!" Caley smiled weakly to himself. Four or five shows in one night! How did he remember? How did he discriminate? And three years alone with Chopin! Had he been fooled?

A storm of applause greeted the exit of a baritone from the platform. This young man had been singing what was called "An Old English Folk Song," then, for some mysterious reason, quite popular on concert platforms. Each verse began with a fresh line, and the remainder consisted of "Oh, no John, no John, no John, no," *ad nauseam*. There were, and still are, twenty-four verses. The baritone remembered them all.

When Caley again went to the piano he noticed several gaps in the audience. The fat critic was gone, also a number of people from the back and a few of the mountainous ladies who had overwhelmed the first row. He set his teeth and played the third selection. He did not play it as he had played it in that silent house in the country. A terrible depression had settled on him.

From that moment till the end of the concert the audience gradually dwindled away. The few loyal people crowded up near to the piano, and in gratitude to them he played as he had never played before. He knew now that he and his hearers were in touch. The discordant element had gone. He played three waltzes in succession while the soprano and the baritone chafed behind the stage. The little knot of enthusiasts, among them the thin critic, clamoured for more, but he retired exhausted, with tears in his eyes. Still they waited, still they clapped. He tried again—and broke down. The people were very kind. Some wrung his hand. The girl in the front row impulsively kissed him. That, and "Thank you, thank you," and his concert was over.

"Come, come, my boy, drink this drop of whisky," insisted the agent. "You're all right. You're sure of a good write-up all round. Most beginners don't get a line."

Caley drank the whisky, pulled on his long, thin overcoat, and silently went out into the fresh air. He still felt rather dazed.

"Come over the road and have a drink," pressed Crew.

Caley followed him into the gorgeous saloon-bar of a large public-house. Here he drank several glasses of whisky, and watched a man dropping penny after

(Continued on page 348)

Our "Humanities" Department Opens

[In a recent issue, the Editor undertook to open shortly a department dealing with matters of more strictly human interest than are to be found in our other frigid and calculated pages. This is by way of a start. How do you like it? Write your opinion neatly on a postcard, and address to AUNT JULIA, *at these offices.]*

1. MEEKNESS

Miss Stephanie Bell (Aged 12)

Who will shortly make her début in London under the management of Mr. George Edwardes

2. MILDNESS

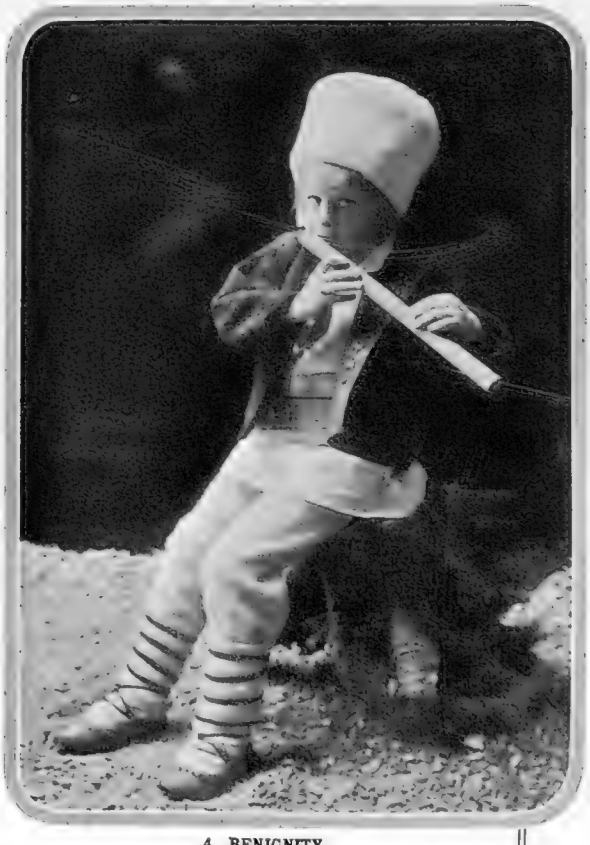
Prince Olaf (Series XVIII., No. 132)

A picturesque and hitherto unpublished portrait taken by his mother, the Queen of Norway

3. PATIENCE

The Future Ruler of Roumania: Prince Karol

With his mother, the Crown Princess of Roumania. He is said to be growing quite a big boy



4. BENIGNITY

Prince Nicolas of Roumania

The six-year-old son of the Crown Princess of Roumania, who appeared in the above costume at a charity fête

(Continued from page 3,6)

penny into a slot in the lid of a mechanical piano. The instrument played five tunes, but the man liked only one of them, and he cheerfully spent fifteenpence on it.

The press notices overwhelmed Mr. Crew. Mr. Arthur Caley, an entirely new pianist, was referred to in six London dailies, and, later, in four London weeklies. Such a splendid result had surely never before been achieved by any agent in music-land. Mr. Crew was not at all sure that it was honest of him to have secured so much for his client for a paltry £50. Caley was told this, and he listened to it without a smile.

They had said that he "promised to be a useful soloist"—(this was the fat critic)—that he had "evidently worked to some purpose," that "one might prophesy a brilliant future were his personality not against him," and that "his programme was laudably ambitious." The thin critic, who represented quite a small paper, had written a column of mad adulation. His sub-editor had quartered the effusion, and in print it read like a comic paragraph. One of the weeklies actually reproduced Caley's portrait, but unhappily confused him with someone else, so that he was introduced to a rather surprised country-house circulation as Gwylim Davies, the Welsh boy prodigy. Caley burnt the press-cuttings and set out to look for work.

. . . . . .

Some years later an elegantly dressed woman entered a flamboyant music-shop in the Charing Cross Road.

A dark young man stepped forward to meet her, and bowed obsequiously. Not only was the woman well dressed, but she was pretty.

"I want a few new songs, for a soprano voice, you know. Have you lately published anything that you can really recommend?"

"Several, madam. Will you take a chair? I will play some over."

The lady sat down, and looked intently at the young man as he skimmed through song after song, all of a rubbishy character.

"I think you will like this," said the salesman, with a slightly sarcastic smile, noticing that his customer was not at all impressed with the compositions he had submitted.

"The chorus is—er—quite as people like choruses just now:

Oh, remember that to you,
I shall be for ever true;
Adoration you shan't lack.
Tho' you cannot spare a kiss,
Will it always be like this?
Love me and I'll love you back!

Its a catchy title, don't you think, 'Love me and I'll love you back'?"

"Ye-es. Quite, quite. Do you mind telling me your name?"

"Certainly, madam," said the surprised salesman. "Arthur Caley."

"I—thought so. I once kissed you—in—er—different circumstances."

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

HOW TO RECLINE GRACEFULLY

Photo] Miss Maggie Jarvis in "The Arcadians" [*Rita Martin*

Miss Jarvis, a charming young actress and vocalist, is expected to make her name on the musical-comedy stage, if not in a more important sphere. She is at present understudying Miss Florence Smithson in the delightful entertainment at the Shaftesbury Theatre

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

Photo *H. W. Nicholls*

IN THE SLIPS FOR THE FINAL OF THE WATERLOO CUP: LAST YEAR'S WINNER, DENDRASPIS (ON THE RIGHT), WITH SUCH-A-SELL (RUNNER-UP)

Mr. E. H. Sikes's Such-a-Sell is entered this year, and should again get into the last four

THE WATERLOO CUP: The Crowd on

WATCHING THE COURSING: A FAMILIAR

The pleasure of watching the sport of coursing is two-fold: that of seeing a game quarry fairly pursued, with at least an equal chance of escaping her Kingdom can this sport be enjoyed more admirably or with greater comfort to the spectators than at Altcar, where it is possible for thirty thousand spectators "moved" towards the coursing ground by a large army of beaters, and while on two days a useful bank accommodates the crowd, stands have been provided owners, nominators, stewards, and the

From left to right: E. W. Wilkinson (Slipper), Mr. Martin, Mr. F. Alexander, Mr. W. Patterson, Mr. H. Charles, Earl of Sefton, Miss Ruth Fawcett, Mr. G. Mayall, Mr. Crisp,

Photos

A NOTABLE GROUP OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY COURSERS WHO CAN HARDLY

Among the chief supporters of coursing at Altcar are the Earl and Countess of Sefton (who will be much missed at this year's meeting, they having gone Dumfriesshire; Mr. G. F. Fawcett (of "F.F." fame), who by himself or with his brother has won the Cup, with Fabulous Fortune, Fearless Footsteps, and with Mr. Sikes's Such-a-Sell; and Mr. F. Alexander, perhaps the most consistent of south-country coursing enthusiasts, whose meetings on his estate at and Miss Ruth Fawcett, who, with those coursers enumerated above, Mr. Brice, the famous judge, Wilkinson, the noted

the Withens and Some Well-known Personalities

CENE AT THE FAMOUS GATHERING

pursuers, and that of witnessing the emulation between two highly bred greyhounds, each bent on out-pointing the other. At no other place in the United o see every course in full, from the moment the hare passes the slipper to the raising of the red or white flag at the judge's bidding. The wild hares are by that genuine sportsman, Lord Sefton, for the comfort of those who attend the second day of the meeting. Beyond the stands is the enclosure, wherein *lite* of the coursing world foregather

Earl of Enniskillen, Duke of Leeds, Mr. Louis Hall, Mr. R. A. Brice (Judge), Countess of Sefton, Mr. G. F. Fawcett, Mr. Pilkington, Mr. E. Roper, and Mr. J. E. Dennis

H. W. Nicholls

BE SEEN TOGETHER ELSEWHERE THAN AT A WATERLOO CUP GATHERING

on another big-game hunting expedition); the Duke of Leeds, who has a useful entry in Lanthorn; the Earl of Enniskillen; Mr. W. Patterson, of Broomlands, Farndon Ferry, no fewer than four times; Mr. J. E. Dennis and his brother, who carried off the trophy last year with Dendraspis; Mr. Mayall, who ran-up Everleigh, near Marlborough, are reminiscent of a bygone day and generation. Among the principal lady devotees of the sport are the Countess of Sefton slipper, and Mr. Louis Hall, who manages the Duke of Leeds' kennels, are all shown in the accompanying photograph

THE WATERLOO CUP

Photo *H. W. Nicholls*

A Coursing Grand Stand

Watching the Waterloo Cup contests from the roof of a private omnibus

The Draw

Unlike other sporting events, it is impossible to forecast with any approach to accuracy the result of the annual contest on the plains of Altcar for the most valued trophy of the coursing year, known since 1836, when it was first established, as the Waterloo Cup. In the first place—as with all coursing events—the very names of the candidates for classic honours are not certainly known until the actual eve of the event, the Tuesday before coursing begins, when the sixty-four fortunate possessors of nominations enter and name their dogs at the Exchange Hotel, Liverpool, prior to the draw. Only the names of the holders of nominations are announced beforehand, and only those who chance to be cognisant of the greyhounds in their respective kennels or the kennels of their friends, and of the performances of such greyhounds at previous meetings—whether at Altcar or elsewhere—can form much of an opinion as to the chances of individual dogs, provided they shall be entered for the event. Greyhounds frequently "go amiss" at the last moment, and most coursing men have a "second string" on the spot to fill their nomination should things go wrong with their favourites on the eventful Tuesday morning.

The Duke of Leeds' Fawn Bitch, Lanthorn

The Duke of Leeds appears to possess a better chance of winning Cup honours this year than formerly, Lanthorn, bred from his Grace's Lonely Star by Glenbridge, having cleverly and prettily beaten last year's Waterloo-er, Punchestown (who beat Duma Dissolved, to be beaten by Broad Arrow), at the Altcar meeting in January. Her only fault appears to be lack of speed

New Nominators

This year there is an unusual number of new nominators, due to the untoward removal by death since last February of such old supporters of coursing as Mr. R. F. Gladstone, Mr. E. Storey, and Mr. Herbert, and the retirement of Colonel Holmes, Mr. E. M. Crosse, and Mr. P. J. O'Donnell. Their places have been filled by Sir Wyndham Hanmer, Mr. Cuthbert Blundell, Mr. N. Dunn, Mr. E. V. Rayner, Mr. E. H. Sikes, and Mr. P. J. O'Sullivan.

Likely Entrants

The Duke of Leeds' Lanthorn and Mr. Gorham's Telscombe Freedom must be regarded as well in the running this year. Punchestown, now in his third season, will probably appear again, running in the Hon. C. B. Hanbury's name, and may be regarded as a dangerous competitor; and Sir Robert Jardine is credited with the intention of pulling out Long Span, also now a third-season dog, who won in 1907 as a puppy, but who, although favourite last year, only got through his trial in the first round against Recitress by a stroke of luck, and was definitely put out by Royal Crest in the second. Mr. Bell-Irving will probably be represented by Fair Wind. Mr. "H. Charles" is unfortunate in that his ex-Waterloo-er, Celerio, owing to an accident, cannot compete. He has, however, two strings still to his bow in Garpool and Couch, the latter a puppy. Mr. J. C. Dalton, who has not been so much to the front as usual this season, is another case of a transferred nomination, Dr. Glasse filling it for him with Hydrastis, a first-season Forest Tiger—Belmontina dog. Mr. E. H. Sikes's Such-a-Sell, the runner-up last year, now running for the first time in his owner's nomination, is reported fit and well, and should again be found in the last four. Colonel McCalmont will be represented by something from the Duke of Leeds' kennels. Colonel Chichester will be represented by one or other of the dogs he has been running at various south-country meetings this season, and Mr. F. Alexander proposes to send Agile to do battle for the Everleigh kennels. Such-a-Sell is most likely to be made favourite at the long odds on the night of the draw, but among greyhounds likely to give a good account of themselves are Agile, Lanthorn, Punchestown, and whatever the Messrs. Dennis decide to run.

L. C. R. CAMERON.

Mr. A. Gorham's Brindled Dog, Telscombe Freedom

Mr. A. Gorham (who won the Grand National with Shannon Lass in 1902) will probably send his brindled dog, Telscombe Freedom, to attempt a parellel success not far from Aintree. Mr. Gorham is such a genuine sportsman that no one would grudge him so striking a dual victory, but Telscombe Freedom, good greyhound as he is, hardly strikes one as of high enough class to win the Waterloo Cup

GAMES AND PASTIMES

HOCKEY

A Dangerous Precedent—

Although I am not concerned to dispute the proposition that the incident in connection with the scoring of the South's first goal in the South *v.* Midlands match on the 5th inst. showed the fine sporting spirit in which the match was played, I feel bound to express my regret at what was done and my conviction that it establishes a dangerous precedent. In order to make my point I must recall briefly what the incident was. There was a scramble right in front of the Midlands' goal, which ended in the ball going outside, and the referee ordered a 25yds. bully; but several of the South players claimed that in the course of the scramble, and before going outside, the ball had passed into goal, whereupon the referee, after consulting the Midlands' goalkeeper, revoked his previous decision and awarded a goal to the South. Now this, of course, was all very pleasant and delightful. I daresay the referee was wrong in his first decision—he was evidently doubtful about it—and it was very sporting of the Midlands men to acquiesce in his reversing it on appeal, and, apparently, on the evidence of one of their own men; but all the same the whole thing was a mistake.

—And What It May Lead To

It is a maxim common to all games alike that the decision on questions of fact ought to rest solely with the umpire or referee; if once the practice of consulting the players when in doubt comes to be recognised, or of altering a decision already given (as happened in this case) at the request, or with the consent, of the players, nothing but trouble can result. In this particular case all was well. But supposing a similar incident were to occur again and the players were not all in such a complaisant and accommodating mood? Let us suppose that the referee awards a goal to Team A and that someone of Team B promptly claims that no goal was scored. "What do *you* think?" says the referee to Team B's goalkeeper. "I don't think it was a goal," says he; "I stopped the ball and turned it out before it crossed the line." "Very well, then," says the referee, "no goal." Then perhaps someone on the A side objects. "But you have given us a goal; you can't go back on that." "Yes, he can," chimes in someone on the B side; "it was done the other day in Midlands *v.* South. Come, be sportsmen; don't claim a goal when you know it wasn't a goal." To which the A's might quite reasonably retort, "How do we know? It's a case of your man's word against the referee's. Who's bossing this game?" And so the wrangle might go on *ad infinitum*.

Won by Wallowing

The Cardiff Arms Park ground, on which Wales beat Scotland in the Rugby International on the 5th inst. by 14 points to nil, is one of the softest in the kingdom, and the muddy condition of the players at half-time recalled the famous—or rather infamous—taunt levelled at footballers by Kipling—"Muddied Oafs"

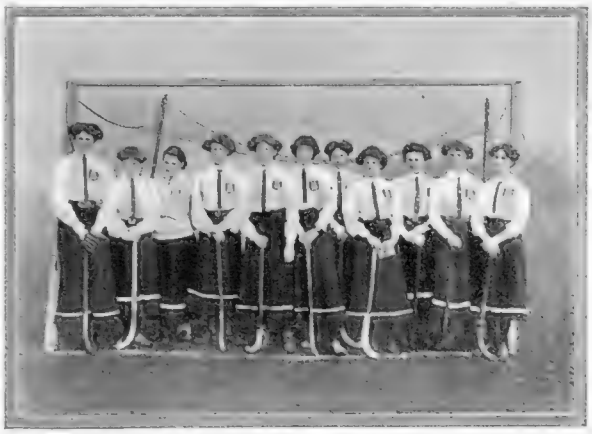
A Warning from Lawn Tennis

Where would the game be if scenes like this became at all frequent, and the right to interfere with the referee's prerogative of having the sole control of the game became recognised? Where would cricket and where would football be if the umpires' and the referees' decisions were to be made subject to revision after protests from, and

Midlands v. South: A Bully-Off

In this international trial match at Beckenham on the 5th inst., the Midlands beat the South by 3 goals to 2. This is the first victory the Midlands have gained over the South since 1901. A somewhat unusual incident, which ended in the referee reversing his decision upon the question whether the South had scored a goal or not, is commented upon above

consultations with, the players? I know of only one game in which this mischievous practice is, to a certain extent, recognised, and that is lawn tennis. What is the result? That the umpiring is the one really unsatisfactory thing about lawn tennis. Players dispute the umpire's decision; they appeal to their adversaries to put him right; and they agree (in the sporting spirit!) to disregard him—when they *can* agree. When they can't, the spectacle is by no means edifying. There are, of course, some tennis umpires who won't stand this sort of thing, but the majority of them put up with it because it is so prevalent that it seems useless to stand out against it. But it would be far better for all games.



The Warwickshire Ladies' Hockey Team

Warwickshire this season possesses a ladies' team of more than average strength. Early in the present month they beat Northants at Leamington by 11 goals to 1. The players' names *(from left to right)* are:—Misses M. Hill, H. Hunter, Jeyes, Nelson-Smith, M. Langley, A. Lupton, D. Walford, D. Lupton, A. Preston, E. Laxon, and W. Laxon

Army Hockey: An Explanation

In our issue of February 2, when dealing with the tendency of Cup Competitions to lead to rough play, and commenting on the wisdom of the Hockey Association in setting its face, for that reason, against them, I inadvertently made use, in endeavouring to condense a sentence into a smaller space, of an expression which is not by any means accurate. It was to the effect that in the case of Army Hockey the Hockey Association "had reluctantly withdrawn its veto against Cup Competitions," which is incorrect. As a matter of fact, the Hockey Association has never wavered in its refusal to sanction Cup or Prize competitions in any form, and the Army Hockey Association does not hold any such competitions; in fact, one of the conditions of its formation was their abolition. But the Army Association, though a large and rapidly growing body, does not yet embrace the whole of Army Hockey. There is still a section which does not belong to it and consequently is not amenable to the Hockey Association's rules. And it is this section to which I meant to refer. What I should have said was that the jurisdiction of the Hockey Association is not yet quite universal enough to enable it to control the whole of Army Hockey.

Joshua Taylor

Winner, in partnership with his brother, the Champion, of the Southern Professional Golfers foursomes at Stoke Poges

GOLF

Final of the Southern Professional Foursomes Tournament

After some delay, owing to inclement weather, the final of the Foursomes Tournament of the Southern Section of the Professional Golfers' Association was at last brought off on the 8th instant. The unhappy weather conditions which marred the preliminary rounds through severe frost pursued the competition to its close, for, after a brilliant sunny start, the rain soon came down, and after the ninth hole till almost the finish of the match the players had to contend with pouring rain and a bitterly cold wind. The finalists were J. H. and Joshua Taylor and Bradbeer and Charles. The scene of the match was the beautiful course of the Stoke Poges Golf Club, one of the latest additions to the list of inland courses.

The Champion Actually Foozles a Mashie Shot

The first half of the morning round promised an exciting tussle, but from the tenth hole onward the superior skill and stamina of the champion and his brother proved too much for the weaker and less experienced pair. The Taylors finished the morning round with the strong lead of five holes, and the result was thereafter never in doubt, the match finishing in the afternoon at the thirteenth hole with the victory of the Taylors by 6 and 5. The champion played his usual masterful and brilliant game, and stood out from all the others in every department. To the delight and amusement of the crowd that followed, the greatest master of the mashie of modern times made a shocking "socketter" with his approach at the first hole. Perhaps this may soften his iron heart towards the freak mashie. Joshua Taylor gave able support in the long game, but his putting varied between boldness and timidity at the wrong moments. Of the vanquished, Bradbeer was distinctly the better player, his partner being very weak and uncertain in the long game.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

J. H. Taylor

The Open Champion, who was once more to the fore last week, when he and his brother beat Bradbeer and Charles in the final of the Southern Professional foursomes for the Dewar Challenge Shield by 6 and 5

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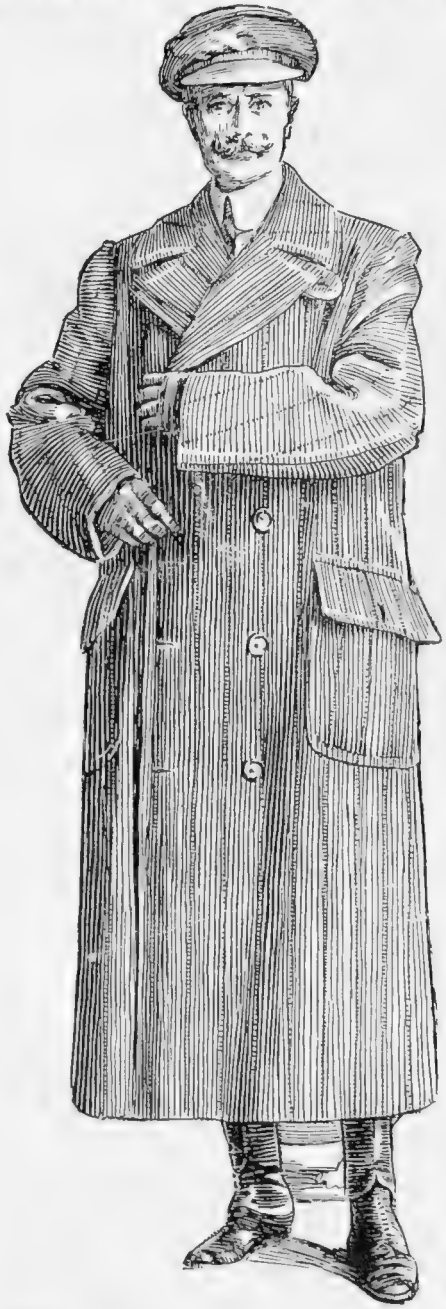

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RACING AND HUNTING NOTIONS

RACING

A Grumble

This winter's weather is really too awful for words. One half the night rain, the other half frost. You have gone to bed with several degrees of frost on the ground. If you happened to be a hunting man you gave orders that the horses would not be wanted on the morrow. You woke the next morning to find a soaking rain falling. This has been the experience for weeks and months past, and the result is that the ground, irrespective of the character of the soil, has got into an appalling state. The other day I was talking to the trainer of a really well-handicapped horse in the Lincoln. He was grieving because his gallops were so impossible as to make training operations a farce. Thus his horse is not likely to start, or if it does go to the post it will be a long way short of being fit. This is bad luck for a man who thought he had a real good chance of winning the race, and I may add that the horse's name has appeared in the alleged London betting.

A Veteran from India

There is a horse entered for the Lincolnshire Handicap called Dalkeith. I expect there may be a few Anglo-Indians at home or in India who will recognise the old fellow if I remind them that this is the horse that was racing in India six or seven years ago. He belonged to his present owner then, Mr. R. J. Farquharson, who sold a half share in him to Mr. J. C. Galstann. Anyhow, the Australian-bred gelding easily won the Trials at the big Calcutta Meeting, and was then made a hot favourite for the Viceroy's Cup. He failed, however, and I fancy the winner that year was a Waler gelding named Long Tom, owned by Dr. Spooner Hart, the well-known Calcutta "vet." So Dalkeith came to England with Mr. Farquharson, and a wealth of patience was rewarded when he won the Newbury Spring Cup in 1907, but he has done nothing else. He must be about eleven years old, and I thought he had left us for good, but here he is, in good company too. Why, old Dean Swift as a veteran lagging superfluous on the stage is not even a good second to this horse!

A Likely Winner

I am warned by more than one knowledgable person that Kakadu, the German-bred horse at present in the stable of F. W. Day, will win the Lincolnshire Handicap. At any rate, he is likely to be the best of the Newmarket-trained ones, and for my own part I feel convinced that the race will go to Newmarket. I am influenced in holding that opinion by the fact that the famous heath has probably suffered less from the villainy of the weather than any other place in the country. Is all well with Mr. Assheton Smith's Grand National candidate, Cackler? I hear strong rumours to the contrary, and as it is not at all unlikely that one of them, if fit and well, will win the race, I shall be considerably relieved to find both Cackler and Jerry M. making an appearance in public. We are getting near to the jolly Grand Military Meeting at Sandown. I hope there will be a good old-fashioned turn-out for the Gold Cup. Mr. Dermot McCalmont is hoping that Johnstown Lad will be good enough, and it has just been arranged for Major Campbell, who has recently returned from India, to ride His Majesty's Bahadur. Major Campbell won the National on The Soarer, so Bahadur will be in good hands.

CARBINE.

HUNTING

February Sport

Foxhunters have not had it quite their own way this month. It has been, in fact, a month of broken sport, and when frost has not kept hounds confined to kennel, the grumble has been soft going—"mud up to hocks and stifles," as a friend in a heavy plough country puts it. Still, there has been sport in places, and in Leicestershire Quorn followers seem well satisfied with the season as far as it has gone. One of the best things enjoyed since they resumed hunting ten days ago was their merry incursion into Cottesmore territory from Salter's Hill gorse. Ninety minutes or more, plenty of pace and jumping, a magnificent line of country, a kill close to Whissendine, and a point of nearly nine miles—what more could Captain Forester's hard-riding field want? At any rate, few packs have had such a cheery gallop during February.

Lord Harris, M.F.H.

Lord Harris is most famous in the sporting world by his connection with county cricket, but the hunting people of Kent know him as one of the keenest foxhunters of them all. Many English winters he has spent enjoyably with the Tickham and neighbouring packs of hounds. An interesting item of news is that he may become an M.F.H. next season. Although nothing has yet been definitely settled, I think you may take it for granted that Lord Harris and Mr. W. C. Dawes will shortly be elected to the joint-Mastership of the Tickham Hunt, an arrangement which seems to promise well for the followers of the Kentish pack. It is satisfactory to learn that the members of the South Berks Hunt have settled the question of the future of the pack by the appointment of Mr. Harry Boileau as M.F.H. He has been for a long time Master of the Old Surrey Hounds, whose country yearly becomes more difficult to hunt on account of its proximity to the great metropolis. In South Berks, Mr. Boileau will find more room, and as he has an intimate knowledge of hounds and hunting, and can hold his own in the first flight, I think he will prove an excellent leader in his new country.

A. W. C.

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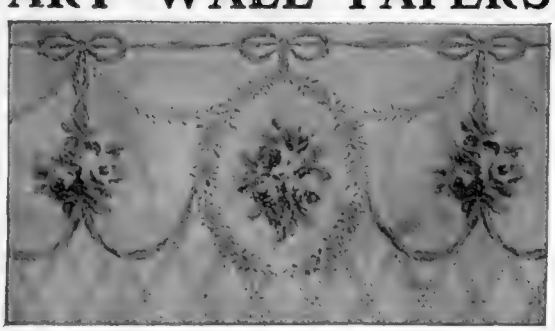

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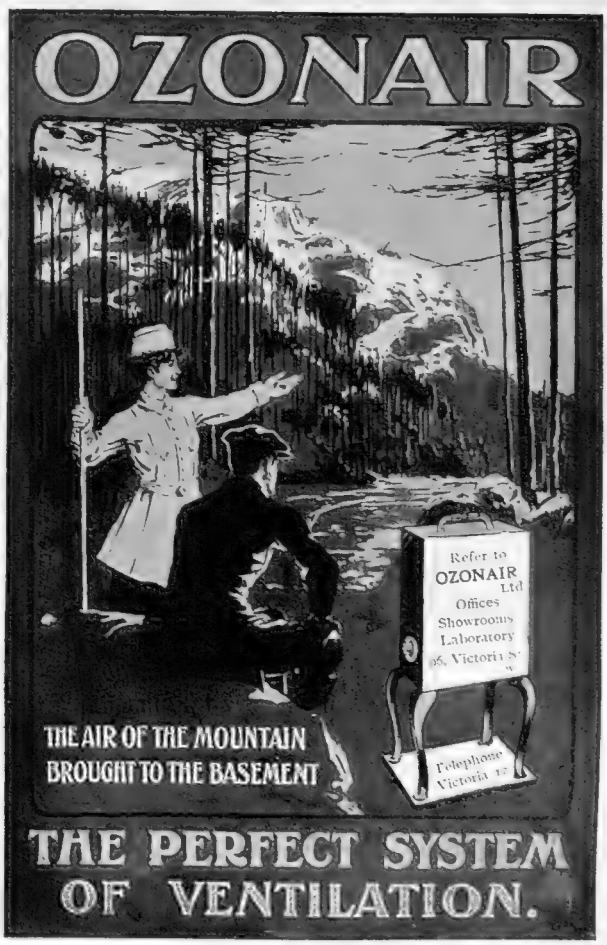

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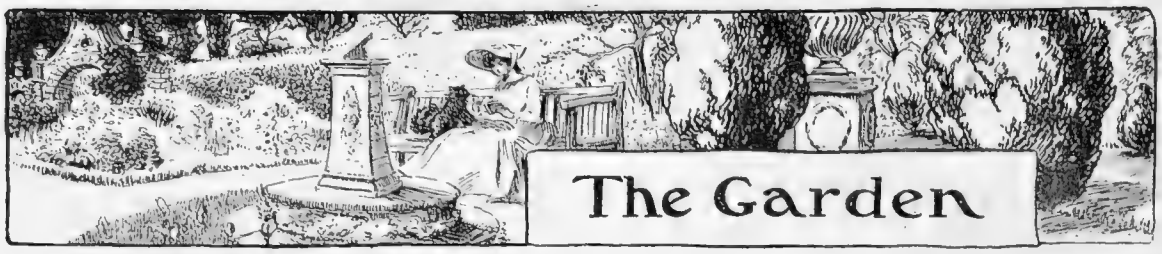

Roses That May Be Pruned Now

Though the majority of roses are best left untouched for some weeks, there are several classes which may be pruned at once, and in this way the pressure of work which ordinarily falls in March may be slightly relieved. Among them are the Provence roses, the moss roses, the sempervirens (of which Félicité-Perpétue is the best known), the Ayrshires, the Boursaults, the rugosas, and even most of the wichurianas, such as Dorothy Perkins. In all these cases the first thing is to cut away all dead or exhausted wood; in most, it is the only thing that need be done, though in some a little thinning may be beneficial. The Provence and moss roses may be pruned rather harder, strong young shoots from the base being cut back to four or six buds, and strong laterals being treated in the same manner. The rugosas are sometimes cut down almost to the ground, and sometimes scarcely pruned at all. As regards their flowering, it does not seem to matter much which method is adopted, but they look best as rather large bushes, and in autumn, when covered with their large red fruits, they are especially beautiful. The young shoots of the Ayrshires, Boursaults, and sempervirens class may be shortened a little if necessary, but on the wichurianas it is advisable to leave them at full length, as most of the flowers are generally borne near the tips.

How to Grow Bougainvillæas

Bougainvillæas are deservedly popular, for they are among the most beautiful of climbers for a warm greenhouse. There are three species, all natives of Brazil, the two generally grown being B. glabra and B. speciosa, the former the better for cultivation in pots, and the latter, which bears the larger flowers, for planting in the border. Both may be pruned now—in the same manner as a vine—that is, cut back to spurs, any weak leaders being removed at the same time. Like many other climbers, bougainvillæas sometimes make so much growth that they produce few flowers. This tendency may be counteracted by root-pruning, but the operation may be rendered unnecessary by planting in a small, confined space in which the roots cannot extend far. It follows that rich soil should be avoided, for though it will help a young plant to make rapid progress, it will afterwards prevent or postpone flowering. If additional stock is wanted, any of last year's shoots which are pruned off now may be used as cuttings. Bougainvillæas are rather liable to be attacked by scale. If the presence of these insects is suspected the plants should be washed with an insecticide after the pruning is done. Red spider, too, is sometimes troublesome, and in this case the remedy is more moisture in the atmosphere.

H. C. Davidson.

Photo] **Dorothy Perkins Roses Blooming in Ravenscourt Park** [*H. N. King*

A beautiful corner in the public park which gives its name to the district

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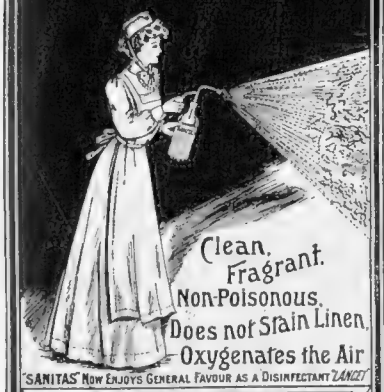

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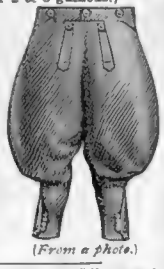

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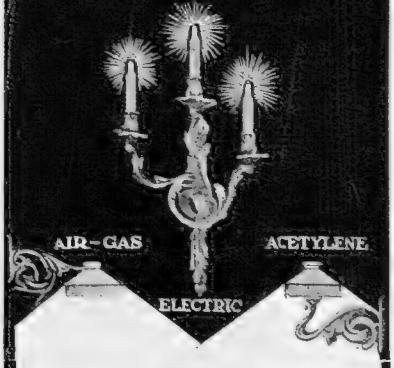

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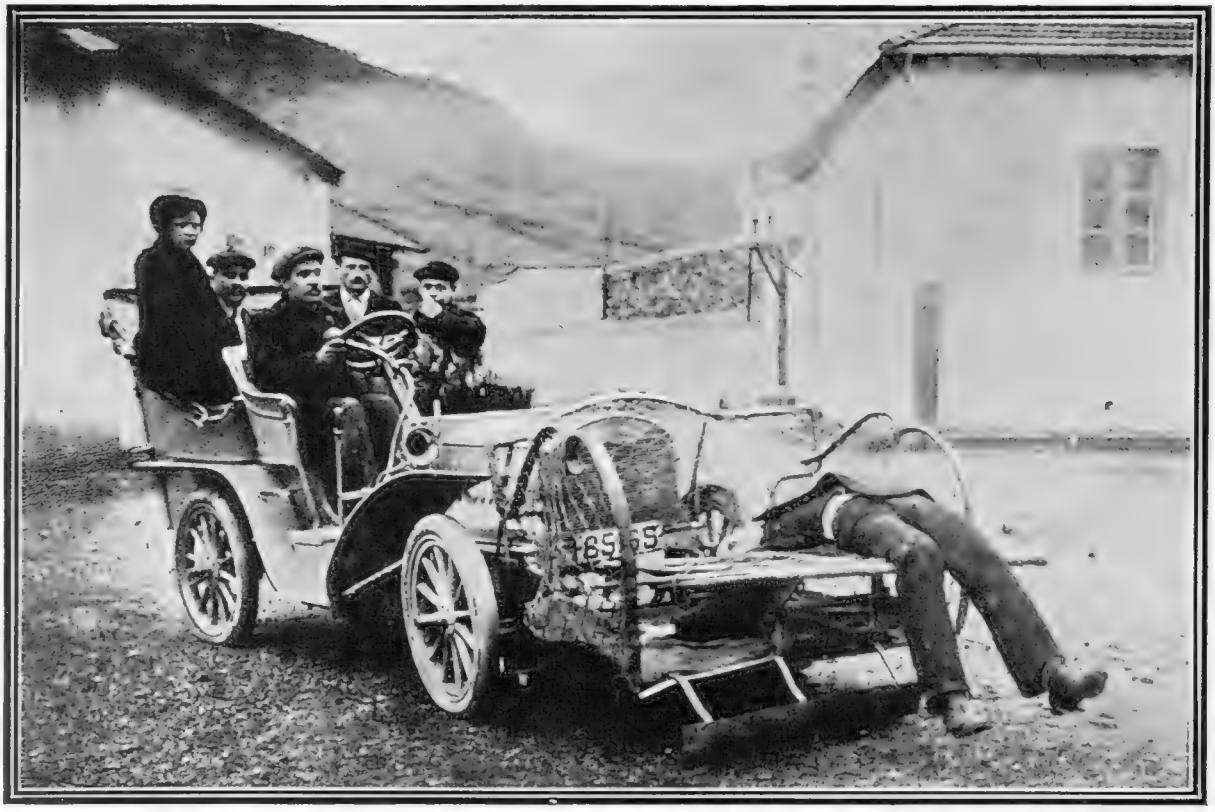
MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Competitive Trials

As announced in The Bystander some weeks ago, the Irish Automobile Club will not hold a reliability trial this year. Our pertinacious friends north of the Tweed, however, have provisionally fixed June 13 to 18 for theirs, and the Southron and the alien are alike invited to send in their nominations to Mr. Robert J. Smith, C.A., Secretary of the Scottish Automobile Club, at his offices, West George Street, Glasgow, at their early convenience. As to the desirability of holding these public contests and the concrete advantages resultant therefrom to manufacturers and the general motoring community much has of late been written, and many diverse views have been expressed. For some years past, in the columns of The Bystander and elsewhere, I have endeavoured to point out that under the conditions which have obtained throughout the long series of efficiency tests with which the motoring and the general public have been made familiar, the benefits derived have not been commensurate with the disbursements and labour involved. Briefly, manufacturers, at great cost and trouble, prepare cars specially constructed for these contests. They do so in the hope that success will entail increased business, and place their products under the limelight of public appreciation. That, to fulfil the requirements of the competition rules, standard practice must at times be departed from, and additional attention bestowed on what I may term merely meretricious matters, is known to all. The "trials" car is further treated to a petting and pampering, a repeated tuning-up and testing which its brethren in the same workshop by no means receive, and, when sent to the starting-line, can by no stretch of the most charitable imagination be regarded as an average sample of its maker's output. This, of course, is where the purchasing public are let down. The fact that a car of any given make secures a gold medal in its class is unquestionably a most convincing testimonial to the excellence—the superlative excellence—of that one particular engine and chassis, but it is not, and cannot be, an absolute guarantee that all other emanations from its native factory are equally efficient. The solution of the difficulty, as it has always appeared to me, must lie in the selection of standard cars taken from stock. There are difficulties in the way, of course, not the least being the possible hardship inflicted upon a young and struggling maker anxious to make



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a bold bid for fame and fortune at one bound, but to such the kindly admonition *festina lente* might well be whispered. The buying public, whose interests are the main desideratum, would undoubtedly gain materially by such a process of natural selection, which could be effected by a committee of two or three experts, who should be vested with powers under the competition rules to visit the factories or showrooms of entrants, and there and then choose the car or cars to represent their makers. There are, I believe, many members of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, which, by the way, has decided to regard participation in trials by its members in the same light as exhibiting at unauthorised and unrecognised exhibitions, who would cordially welcome such a revolution.

The Latest Type of Lanchester Car
A 28 h.-p. six-cylinder limousine

Aeros on the List

It is alike a significant sign of the times and a tribute to British enterprise, that a leading firm of motor manufacturers has issued a price list and catalogue of aeroplanes. This firm is Messrs. Humber, of Coventry and London, whose highly interesting brochure is just to hand. The little book contains full particulars of mono and biplanes, their engines and accessories, and it is instructive to learn that the aeronaut of moderate means can be immediately supplied with a full-fledged monoplane spreading 33 ft. 3½ in. across the wings, and fitted with a three-cylinder engine of 30 h.-p. for £450. More ambitious aviators may indulge in 50 h.-p. monoplanes at £775, or select the soaring biplane with 50 h.-p. four-cylinder engine and surface of 482 sq. ft. at £1,100 complete. Messrs. Humber are to be congratulated on being the first among British manufacturers, at least, to give practical demonstration of their ability and readiness to keep well abreast of the march of events.

Repairs to Motor-Cars are our speciality. Every sort of Overhaul. Boring cylinders, etc. We are *cheap* and *quick*. Official Repairers to the Royal Automobile Club.—Jermyn Street Motor Works, Wells St., Jermyn St. 4757 Mayfair.

Lord Minto, since he became Viceroy, has been using a six-cylinder Napier car in India. Napier cars are the best and British-built throughout.

AT THE 'VARSITIES

One has come to be so accustomed to having the deaf ear turned to all one's pleas for a rigid system of medical examination of all candidates for Torpids and Lents that of late years, in the seeming hopelessness of the case, one has desisted from urging a reform which common sense and prudence alike appeared to render very necessary. That sooner or later some lamentable occurrence would take place to move the authorities to a sense of their responsibility in this matter has long been patent. And now that it has arrived it has come in a terribly sudden, dramatic, and catastrophic manner. A life has had to answer, the life of Mr. Harold Adrian, an undergraduate of Christ Church, Oxford, who expired in his bath at his lodgings after rowing in one of the "House" Torpids. It is true that in this case the warning had been given a year ago by one of the Oxford doctors, and thus, in a particular sense, Mr. Adrian's death may be said to lie at his own door. But this in no wise affects the general issue. A compulsory system demanded of the authorities and a medical certificate issued, as in the case of insurance companies, by specially appointed doctors would have met this, as it would every case, and Mr. Adrian, whether he wished it or not, would have been ineligible for his college boat. Inasmuch as it may be expected to prevent a repetition of so sad an occurrence it is to be hoped that the necessary injunction will be given without a moment's delay.

The "Soccer" Match

With the annual Inter-'Varsity contests in Association football and hockey taking place on Saturday and Wednesday next respectively, it now becomes necessary to commit oneself to some expression of opinion in regard to probable results. The recent improvement in the forward department of the Oxford "Soccer" side, as testified by their ability to get goals—twenty-seven in two matches is very excellent showing—augurs well for a much closer fight at Queen's than at one time seemed likely. With a very sound and capable defence, the eleven may be regarded as quite a well-balanced one. Much will depend upon the sort of game played by the Cambridge forwards. They have adopted the best Corinthian model, but their methods are not wholly those of their exemplars. They dally with the ball instead of going straight on with it, and fail either to take it or pass in their stride. If they can be persuaded to shoot at every opportunity and not to pass and repass in front of goal they should win. There is little in it in respect to the defence; if the Oxford backs are slightly superior, so it seems to me are the Cambridge halves. A Cambridge success would be very welcome to Light Blue partisans, for not since 1906 have Cambridge won under either code. An additional incentive to victory this year lies in the fact that whichever side is successful will gain a lead in the records, which now stand at seventeen wins all, one game having been drawn.

The Hockey Struggle

Both hockey sides fail to reach the usual standard, and in their comparative mediocrity appear to be as equal as possible in point of merit. Poulton and Lagden have made for an accession of strength to the Dark Blues, and the same may be said of Ireland's inclusion in the Cambridge team. In no one department of the game does either side apparently possess any decided superiority over the other. It really looks as though the Beckenham ground will be the scene of a stirring contest.

R. C. R.

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By MRS. JACK MAY

It is now an open secret, and one frankly confessed to by the *couturières* in our midst who hold a sufficiently sound position, and whose opinion is in any way worth having, that fashions in Paris are in a chaotic condition. It is, of course, early days yet for the great exclusive houses to unfold their schemes, while their *confrères* of lesser prestige are endeavouring in vain to crystallise novelties into facts.

Now, there are several causes for this effect. Primarily, we have unquestionably allowed Madame La Mode to get a little out of hand of late. Speaking generally, dress is hideous, and we are toppling on a pinnacle that, if the erratic dame be allowed her way, will land us into worse things, whereas a little firmness and quiet resistance—the which, by the way, the English buyers are showing—and a complete change of front may be brought about.

Of my own small experience, I know several of our biggest houses that have already paid two or three visits to the Gay Capital and practically come back empty-handed. The head of the tailoring department in one of our most exclusive establishments, where outlay in models is never restricted, admitted to me only last week that he saw nothing in Paris at present that he had not seen before and could not develop to secure novelty as well himself.

A remark, this, that suggests another reason why Paris is proving strangely inadequate. As I have said over and over again in these columns, we are at last acquiring here a large individual judgment. We have in our midst designers every whit as good as those in Paris, and these inspired creators travel constantly across the Channel merely to keep their eye in. They quickly assimilate the modistic atmosphere of Paris, and what is even better, they have the courage of their opinions, and, given the slightest encouragement, they are prepared to work on these lines regardless of bizarre Parisian decrees.

Give them the encouragement, and the vista that is opening up is rife with possibilities for freer lines and a more generally graceful aspect, a trend that has even penetrated into the realms of tailoring.

A Russian Cut-away Coat

Described on this page by Mrs. Jack May, and sketched by Dorothy Millar

Shorter Cut-Away Coats

The Russian wave that has been passing over us of late has left an abiding influence, chiefly exemplified in the short shoulder-cap sleeve and a general disposition to concentrate decorative features at the left side of the front; also a number of the early spring coats close quite up to the throat, where they conclude with a little turn-over collar of velvet or embroidery. But for the Russian coat proper there is a decided dwindling of favour, a nice range of choice, however, occurring in short, cut-away coats, a representative example of which is shown in Mrs. Dorothy Millar's original sketch.

The skirt to this costume is arranged with a *quasi* tunic, so deftly manœuvred, however, that the cloth is never doubled. The scheme of colour we have for this costume is the new deep drab tone, called

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No. 324.—Vol. XXV. Wednesday, February 16, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

13 bed and dressing, 3 baths, billiard room, lofty square hall, double drawing or music room, large panelled dining room, 2 other reception rooms, ample offices. Large and small conservatories.

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HANTS (FAVOURITE WINCHESTER DISTRICT, 1½ miles from 2 stations).—For SALE, Freehold, an interesting OLD HOUSE in picturesque village, with gardens and meadow-land of

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3 cottages, stabling for 6, small farmery, and garage for 3.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD SQUARE HALL,

open to roof, 3 reception rooms (all with old carved oak panelling), fine gallery staircase. Conservatory. 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, good offices. Gardens of about 4 acres, include 2 tennis courts, croquet lawn, 2 walled kitchen gardens, orchard, etc.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE. — Electric light and all modern requirements. Tiled loggia entrance, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; winter garden, and magnificent billiard room. Complete offices with servants' hall, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, etc. Company's water. Telephone. Superior stabling for 4; garage and rooms over. Outbuildings by Boulton and Paul. 2 cottages. 6 acres of grounds, with tennis lawn. Farmery adjoining with 30 acres. Model dairy. Rent, unfurnished, on application.

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OLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE.—Fine views. Charming entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, schoolroom, complete offices with servants' hall, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Beautifully timbered grounds and meadow-land of about 13 acres. Stabling for 4, with rooms over. 2 cottages.

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QUAINT OLD FARMHOUSE ON THE HILLS with about 13 or 36 acres. Sunny aspect and lovely woodland surroundings. Part of the building is very old, and it lends itself to artistic reconstruction. 5 rooms up and 2 down. Large stables and other outbuildings. Garden, old orchard and meadows.

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ABOUT THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY,

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STABLING FOR 30 HORSES,

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standing in its own perfectly private and well-kept grounds; spacious lawn for croquet or 2 tennis courts; flower borders and beds, with many choice varieties of roses and flowering shrubs; rustic pergola, thatched summer-house, fruit and kitchen gardens, etc.; reception hall, 2 good reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and very well-arranged domestic offices.

BUNGALOW COTTAGE, MOTOR-HOUSE, BOAT-HOUSE.

Telephone; Company's water, gas.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

DATCHET (Bucks), close to river and station.—Excellent RESIDENCE, with good garden of about ½ acre, tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 2, garage; 3 reception, billiard room (26ft. 3in. by 18ft. 3in.), 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, lift; gas; Company's water; good domestic offices; South-west aspect. Rent, £125.—Inspected by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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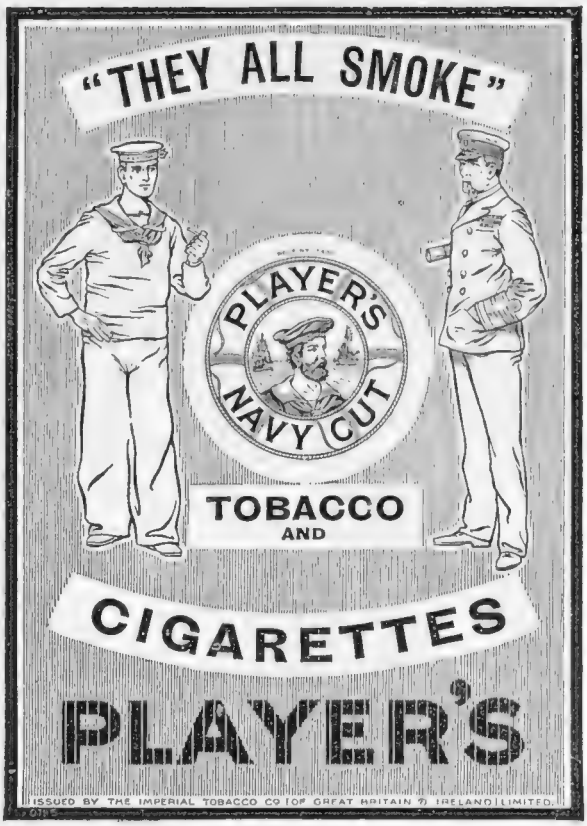

HOW WOMEN MANAGE TO LOOK YOUNG.

Well-known society woman tells how, after cold creams, face masks, massage, and beauty specialist had failed, she

TOOK WRINKLES OUT IN ONE NIGHT.

The remarkable experience of a well-known London society woman is still the subject of wonder and curiosity among her acquaintances and those who have noticed the marvellous change in her appearance. Replying to an inquiry she said:—"Owing to the worries and late hours incident to the London season, I had begun to lose my beautiful complexion, and noticeable lines and wrinkles were forming about my eyes and on my forehead. At first I was only annoyed, but as I noticed my lines and wrinkles growing deeper day by day, and found that creams, steaming pots, masks, massage, and even beauty specialists gave me no relief, I became positively alarmed. The season was not half over, and although feeling as well as ever, I looked fully ten years older than at the beginning. At last, when about to give up in despair, I heard of a simple home treatment which was highly recommended by Countess Radsch, of London, who had used it personally with remarkable results. I also learned that the Countess de Kergommeaux, of Paris, advised its use in a special article published in a leading London journal. After making further inquiries, and finding that the Baroness de Villiers praised it in a most unqualified manner, I decided to give it a trial, and you can judge of my surprise when on the first morning I awoke to find that most of

MY WRINKLES WERE GONE IN ONE NIGHT,

and at the end of three nights my face, as you can see, was as clear, rosy, and smooth as a child's, and remains so to this day. Can you wonder that I now recommend this wonderful treatment to all, either young or old, who, through trouble, worry, illness, or from any other cause, have lost their youthful beauty and carry those hideous lines and wrinkles which are the dread of womanhood? It took ten years from my face in a night, and I believe it will do as much for you."

Through the kindness of this lady it has been possible to arrange to have Free particulars concerning this simple home treatment, which can be used without the knowledge of even your nearest friend, sent to all who are interested. Simply send your name and address to Madame Harriett Meta (Dept. 129 K), 143-145, Great Portland Street, London, W., and ask for the free information offered to THE BYSTANDER readers.

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"Corinthe," trimmed with self braid, picked out with black, the fronts slashed right away over a long *gilet* of *soie ancienne*, a grandiloquent title that is frequently translated by the better-class furniture brocade. The main point with these vests is to get them to stand out a distinctive feature and yet be in the picture.

Some there are fashioned of a species of coarse crash, interwoven with a parti-coloured design. This is quite effective, and catches the eye at once as a novelty. Note will be taken of the big *poche*, a detail that is to be found on 75 per cent. of the costume-coats at the moment, the remaining 25 per cent. boasting a banded effect carried low down about the hips.

Pondering the tailoring situation, nothing would surprise me less than to find a quick drifting on into Louis XIV. styles, with full-pleated hip-pieces, long, straight *gilet*, and great turn-back cuffs. Meanwhile, we are proceeding gently with simpler, neater styles, more after the one depicted, a steady demand also being found for ordinary knockabout country suits, the coats in this range also evincing a disposition to run to both hip and breast pockets. A capital country model that has been put forward in lieu of the ubiquitous Norfolk has a panel front and back, moulded to, without actually fitting, the figure, the fitting at the sides beneath the arms being contrived through the medium of a belt, which apparently disappears beneath the seam of the panel back and front.

The Rajah Turban
SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Alliance of Plain and Stripe Material

In its initial essay this fancy will be chiefly confined to tailoring realms. Indeed, its acceptance there is a pretty well-accredited fact already, together with a black and white shepherd's plaid. Despite many enthusiastic asseverations with regard to the last-named revival, I am not desperately convinced as to its having more than a transient career. Akin with the almost inevitable autumnal Scotch plaid, it is too easily vulgarised by popularity. But the striped *jupe* and plain cloth coat is quite another story, and one that it will be advisable to look into quickly.

Certain *couturières* of my acquaintance are specialising confidently on this alliance proving a distinctive note of originality in the case of the popular little tub costumes.

Then, too, the idea of contrasting coat and skirt is being delightfully developed in plain and shot taffeta for the coat, together with cloth, *ninon*, or, later on, muslin skirts. Many of these taffeta coats have departed southwards, chiefly as the completing note to cream cloth or serge skirts. The colourings are singularly attractive, and include the new *violette de bois*—quite the most seductive violet imaginable, with a certain red tinge in it—chestnut-brown shot with pistache-green, *bois de rose*, and several new blues of the Japan order, but not quite pure tones. Unless I am woefully out in my reckoning, we shall certainly see and hear much, and in the very near future, moreover, of these taffeta coats. They have a *cachet* that is unmistakable.

The Rajah Turban

This is the theme of our second pictorial offering. Now here, again, is a vogue well established, and one unlikely to travel lower than the half world. The whole onus of success rests on the way it is worn, well over one eye and with the hair adroitly built up at the other side. Provided nothing very outrageous in the shape of an aigrette is introduced, the turban toque demands some consideration at the hands of those who frequent matinées. Nor, despite its all-enveloping appearance, is the Rajah toque really weighty when created in some metal thread tulle, millinerial art contriving to secure the monumental effect with the minimum quantity of material, such weight as there is mostly being brought about by the aigrette and attendant ornament. A black and gold confection such as our sketch suggests can do no wrong.

A "Bystander" and "Graphic" Fancy Costume

Miss L. C. Prior, who secured second prize for the most attractive and original fancy dress at a social gathering of the Girls' Friendly Society held on January 27 at the Herne Hill Branch, Herne Hill, London, S.E. If any of our readers would care for materials for a similar costume they will be forwarded by the Publisher on receipt of a postal order for one shilling

Canadian Maple Leaf Party

H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and the Duke of Argyll have given their patronage to the Canadian Maple Leaf Party, to be held at the Imperial Institute on February 23 from 3 to 7 p.m. The party is being arranged by the Council of the British Women's Emigration Association, to give them and the members of the British Association and of the National Union of Women Workers, who were so delightfully entertained last summer at Winnipeg and Toronto and many other places in Canada, an opportunity of meeting together and of asking all their friends to come to see the pictures and lantern slides that they have collected and to hear the reports of their travels in Canada. The organising secretary is sorry that there is not time for her to send notices to her fellow-travellers and all the other people who might like to contribute to the success of the Maple Leaf Party, so she asks them to write as soon as possible to Miss Mary Williams, 6, Sloane Gardens, London, S.W., and to order tickets, price 2*s.*, to include tea, lectures, etc.

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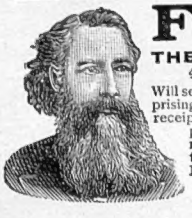

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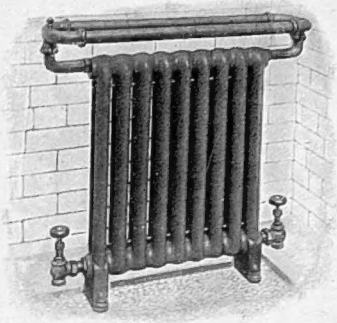

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The Menu: SOME "MAIGRE" DISHES SUITABLE FOR LENT

Corn Rissoles
Macaroni à la Napolitaine
Spaghetti à l'Indienne
Rice and Fish Toast
Seakale Salad
Casserole of Fish

Corn Rissoles

Open a tin of corn, strain off the liquid, and then simmer the corn for about ten minutes in three tablespoonfuls of milk, 1oz. of butter, pepper and salt. Now add to it some tomato or cheese sauce, and leave until cold. Form into rissoles, egg and breadcrumb, and fry in boiling fat. Garnish with fried parsley.

Macaroni à la Napolitaine

Boil 3oz. of macaroni for nearly thirty minutes, drain it, and after it has been returned to the pan in which it was boiled, stir into it 2oz. of cheese, finely grated, and 1oz. of butter. The cheese should be stirred in half at a time and well shaken among the macaroni. Season with black pepper and salt, and serve at once very hot.

Spaghetti à l'Indienne

Make a curry sauce by slicing two small onions and frying them in butter until a light brown, add to them two teaspoonfuls of curry powder and a tablespoonful of lemon-juice or rather less of vinegar, a tablespoonful of sugar, and two raw apples chopped very finely; stir in one and a half pints of water, and simmer until the ingredients have become a pulp. Place ½lb. of spaghetti in boiling water, and when partly cooked remove it, drain, and finish cooking it in the sauce. Serve very hot.

Rice and Fish Toast

Fry an onion, finely sliced, in butter with a few shrimps or pieces of lobster, stir into it one dessertspoonful of mustard. When thoroughly hot, add a teacupful of rice, previously boiled and dried, and a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese. Stir and serve very hot on rounds of buttered toast or fried croûtons.

Seakale Salad

Pour into a deep pie-dish some cream and a little tarragon vinegar; cut the seakale into pieces, and place them in the cream twelve hours before using; have some endive and lettuce prepared for salad, which place in a bowl with the seakale and cream on the top. A little cut beetroot may decorate it. This makes a delicious salad.

Casserole of Fish

Take some small fillets of fresh haddock (boned) or filleted lemon-sole, and put them in a casserole dish with some sliced potatoes (parboiled), tomatoes, one small onion, a little salt and pepper; cover with stock and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, strain off the gravy, thicken with cornflour, a little cream, and half a wineglassful of sherry. Return to the oven for ten minutes, and serve in the casserole dish. EMILIA.

Herr D. De Groot

Who is conducting the orchestra in the Grill Room at the Piccadilly Hotel. Drawn by Crowther Smith

Meals and Their Meanings

The word "Breakfast" conveys its own meaning—the meal that breaks the fast. It should in general consist of something light but highly nutritious; something that pleasantly awakens but does not unduly startle the semi-dormant digestion. Light toasted cakes in which Currants figure, Currant bread, scones, etc., are just the things for breakfast. The mid-day meal, of course, must vary according to many circumstances, *e.g.*, climate or occupation. Being often the staple meal of the day, dinner is a repast that costs more than the other meals, but if due consideration is given to the choice of the dishes and their preparation, it is astonishing how inexpensive, how simple, and how satisfying dinner may become. There is a saving in the household dinner bill if a goodly piece of old-fashioned Currant pudding is served as a second course. This is a country custom, and one which should be revived everywhere. There are endless Currant delicacies available for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper. Currants are nearly all nutriment, and to use them at every meal spells health and economy. Your grocer will supply free on request a useful little cookery book, entitled "Home Recipes for Cooking Currants," which shows the various ways in which Currant dainties may be prepared for the table.

Herr D. De Groot at the Piccadilly Hotel

The sketch of Herr D. De Groot, the popular conductor, is from the pen of the well-known artist, Mr. Crowther Smith, who visited the Piccadilly Hotel Grill Room, where this young musician is delighting the guests with his music. Himself a perfect master of his instrument, he seems to inspire his little orchestra, and certainly they deserve the reputation of being the best *ensemble* in London. A native of Holland, Herr De Groot has, since the age of fifteen, travelled in Holland, Germany, France, Austria, Roumania, etc., everywhere meeting with the greatest possible success, and he may now congratulate himself that many people regularly visit the hotel to hear him play. The management is certainly fortunate in having secured Herr De Groot's services.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

A Cup Full of Kernels. By J. M. Stuart-Young. (Ouseley: 5s. net.)
The Oath of Allegiance. By Elizabeth Phelps. (Constable: 6s.)
Auguste Rodin. (Fisher Unwin: 5s. net.)
The Professor at the Breakfast Table. By Oliver Holmes. (Blackie: 2s. 6d. net.)
Ingoldsby Legends. By R. Barham. (Blackie: 2s. 6d. net.)
The Book of Cupid. (Constable: 4s. 6d. net.)
Happy Hearts. (Ward, Lock: 3s.)
By the Waters of Egypt. By N. Lorimer. (Methuen: 16s. net.)
De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen: 5s. net.)
Essays of Lectures. By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen: 5s. net.)
The Submarine Girl. By E. Turner. (Paul.)
Salome and a Florentine Tragedy. By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen: 5s. net.)
In the Shade. By V. Hawtrey. (Murray: 6s.)
A Sense of Scarlet. By Mrs. H. Dudeney. (Heinemann: 3s.)
Egypt of Yesterday and To-Day. By P. Withers. (Grant Richards: 6s. net.)
Mighty Hunters. By Ashmore Russan. (Longmans: 6s.)
Miss Manners. By Aileen Orr. (Melrose: 3s. 6d. net.)
Evan Grayle's Daughters. By Isabel Robson. (Partridge: 2s. 6d.)
Inns and Taverns of Old London. By Henry Shelley. (Pitman: 7s. 6d. net.)
Sporting Stories. By "Thormanby." (Mills and Boon: 10s. 6d. net.)

A MESSAGE TO SKIN SUFFERERS

Antexema cures every Skin Illness

OUR message to all skin sufferers consists of four words: "Antexema will cure you." We do not ask the name of your complaint, how long you have been troubled, or what part of your body is affected, for in all cases we can assure you that Antexema will cure. Why are we so confident? Because Antexema has already cured tens of thousands whose cases were worse and more hopeless than yours. Other treatments, doctors, and hospitals had failed, but Antexema succeeded. The moment Antexema was used relief was gained, sleep again became possible, the trouble began to disappear; soon it went away, and has never again come back. Antexema will do as much for you if you give it the chance.

Is your trouble here?

The following are some of the forms of skin illness cured by Antexema: Abscess, acne, baby rashes, bad legs, bed sores, barber's rash, blackheads, blotches, breakings-out, chafed skin, chapped hands, and bad legs, chilblains, cracked hands and lips, cold sores, eczema in all its forms, eruptions, face spots, facial blemishes, nettlerash, psoriasis, rashes, raw skin, inflamed patches, itching piles, herpes, ringworm, scabies, scalp troubles, scurvy, shaving rash, shingles, skin irritation, sores, sore feet, tender feet and skin, teething rash, and ulcers. In these and many other skin complaints Antexema has proved its healing and curing power. Why are you not using it? Common sense suggests the desirability of at least giving a trial to Antexema instead of continuing to suffer discomfort, disfigurement, and humiliation.

One great advantage about Antexema is that the moment you use it you prove the benefit, and another thing to remember is that as it is not a greasy ointment no one need know you are using it. Antexema is a creamy liquid which is at once absorbed by the skin, when it forms an invisible protective covering to the bad place, and heals the trouble. It is a wonderful healing balm discovered by a well-known medical man a quarter of a century ago, since when it has worked innumerable cures. As a means of ensuring and hastening a complete cure, skin sufferers should make a rule of washing with Antexema Soap, which is specially recommended as an aid to skin treatment.

From the thousands of grateful letters received we quote the following:—M. H., Manchester (address on application), writes: "I found such great relief after the first application of Antexema that I had a good night's sleep, which I had not had for six weeks. Now there is hardly any rash on my hands and arm, though when I first used Antexema they were a mass of pimples and small blisters from finger-tips to elbow. They were swollen twice their natural size, and the irritation was maddening." Antexema will cure you just as easily and certainly. Prove its virtues for yourself, and you will thank us for the advice.

Antexema was a doctor's discovery, and it is largely used by medical men in their own practice. Nurses appreciate it because it is safe as well as sure, and an innumerable host in every part of the globe have been convinced by the test of experience that it is a marvellous skin specific. Get a bottle to-day. Delay is dangerous.

Immediate treatment necessary

No greater mistake can be made than that of neglecting the first symptoms of skin illness. The first signs that the skin is unhealthy are so slight and apparently so unimportant that there is a great tendency to ignore them. Perhaps the skin is merely red or rough, or has a slight rash upon it, and it is therefore fancied that this may safely be neglected. The rash, however, does not disappear, but on the contrary it spreads, and the little pimples come to a head and break. Then at last the victim wakes up to the fact that he has an attack of eczema, which irritates, worries, disfigures, and humiliates. It is so easy to nip the trouble in the bud. A few applications of Antexema will completely cure the trouble, and you will be freed from it almost before you realise anything is really wrong. It should always be remembered that the moment you begin using Antexema you stop the further progress of the complaint. Skin illness cannot continue to do mischief whilst Antexema is being applied. Antexema is the antidote to every skin ailment, and it cures when everything else has utterly failed. An Antexema cure is a rapid and permanent one, and we urge every skin sufferer to begin using Antexema forthwith. You will be delighted with it.

Antexema is supplied by Boots', Army and Navy Stores, Lewis and Burrows, and all chemists and stores in regular shilling bottles or post free direct for 1s. 3d., including Government stamp, from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Also obtainable everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, and in every British dominion.

For a rash on the face, an attack of eczema, or any Skin Illness affecting the body or limbs there is nothing like Antexema. It effects a rapid, certain cure.

The Editor's Box

Drury Lane Theatre

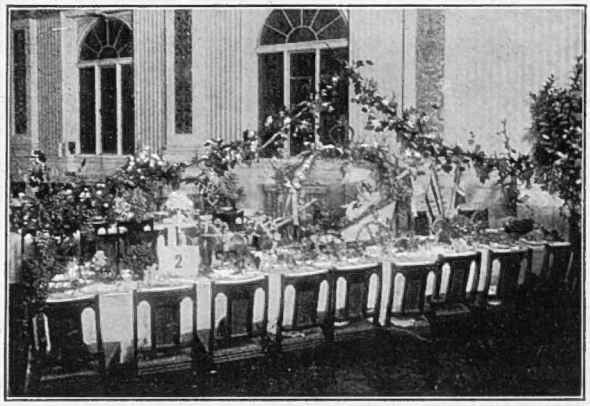
Now that the children's holidays are over the two chief comedians in *Aladdin* at the National Theatre are spreading themselves to amuse the grown-ups. That the adults appreciate the novelties offered by Messrs. Wilkie Bard and George Graves is proved by the fact that not since the late Dan Leno was the funmaker here has there been such a demand for stalls at evening performances. Mr. George Graves has since Boxing Night introduced a new song and a duet and dance with Miss Ida René. Mr. Wilkie Bard has abandoned "Kate at the Gate," an immense favourite with the children, for one more acceptable to the elder patrons. Its title is not yet registered, but its subject is of the word-twisting variety, and immediately concerns a shooting suit of an abnormal check pattern. Mr. George Ali could hardly have improved on his study of the dog Bolo, but even this canine friend of Aladdin seems to have elaborated fresh winks and attitudes which, while dog-like, are distinctly mirth-provoking. Last, but not least, the friends and admirers of Marie George, and their name is legion, think that as Aladdin she has put the finishing touch to her many successes. Never has she been so good.

"The Bad Girl"

The Bad Girl of the Family, at the Aldwych, is playing to the capacity of the theatre. Crowds of people are turned away nightly. To avoid disappointment Mr. Melville has arranged that seats can be booked at 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, and 5*s.*

A Novel Birthday Celebration

A novel birthday celebration took place at the Empress Rooms on the evening of the 24th ult., when the directors of the Investment Registry, Ltd., gave a ball and entertained a large number of guests at supper, at which the tables were decorated to represent various divisions of the world's area. About thirty years ago a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate Stock Exchange procedure, and the Investment Registry, Ltd., was established as the outcome of that Commission. The firm has specialised particularly in the propagation of the principles of the Geographical Distribution of Capital, and the basis of this investment method was used for the decoration of the tables. In the centre of the supper-room a round table was occupied by the Chairman of the Company, Sir John Rolleston, M.P., and other directors, in the middle of which was a huge floral globe with a scroll worked on the table, "Great Britain and Ireland Greet the Rest of the World." Other tables in the room represented South Europe (which won the first prize), Central America, South America, the British Colonies, etc.



One of the Supper Tables at the Empress Rooms on the occasion of the Birthday Celebration of the Investment Registry, Ltd.

Country House Lighting

Those who wish to have their residences lighted by either electric light, acetylene, or petrol air-gas should lose no time in sending for Messrs. Lea and Warren's catalogue, which is to be obtained from their offices at 7, Victoria Street, S.W. Herein will be found full particulars of all the most up-to-date lighting apparatus at moderate prices, with colour illustrations.

Popular Champagne

At the Windsor Ball, held at the White Hart Hotel on the 4th inst., over 300 guests were present. Bollinger 1904 vintage was the sole wine supplied. Also at the recent dinner given to Teddy Edmundson, at the Motor Club, Sunday, Jan. 30, 1910, Bollinger 1899 was the only champagne served.

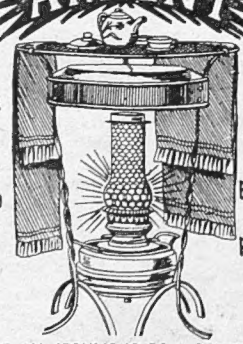
Messrs. John Knight, Ltd.

Last Friday week Messrs. John Knight, Ltd., gave a dinner at the Hamilton Hall, Great Eastern Hotel. The chair was taken by W. Duncan Knight, Esq., J.P. The following were present: John W. Hope, Esq., Rev. T. Knight, W. E. Knight, Esq., Alan C. Knight, Esq., Dr. and Mrs. MacGregor, Dr. and Mrs. Little, Mr. and Mrs. James Webster, Mr. and Mrs. D. McNaughton Hope, Walton Wornesley, Esq., E. Underhead Little, Esq., etc., etc.

Karswood Creosote

To cure influenza, sprinkle a few drops of Karswood Creosote on your pillow at night. This simple remedy is infallible for colds, coughs, asthma, bronchitis, etc. 1*s.* 1½*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, or 4*s.* 6*d.*, sprinkler top bottles.—E. G. Hughes, Chem., 17, Deansgate, Manchester.

A REAL BOON FOR THE WINTER MONTHS IS A GOOD OIL STOVE: THE BEST IS THE ARDENT



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